

Life



FEBRUARY 24, 1927

"Phew! I certainly smell something burning!"

PRICE 15 CENTS

MAGNIFICENT IN STYLE AND LUXURY--SWIFTER THAN THE VERY WIND

HERE is the supreme embodiment of everything fine and appealing in a motor car . . . Lengthy, low to the ground, charming in design . . . Sumptuous in every detail of interior decoration, seat dimensions, upholstery . . . Marvelous beyond words through the whole range of performance.

Eighty horsepower at 3000 revolutions; yet placidly smooth, serenely quiet. A car that fairly dazzles you with its spontaneous and silky obedience to either throttle or brakes. At 75 miles an hour, and better, you have a sensation of traveling only half that fast!

Four magnificent body styles: Royal Eight 5-Passenger Sedan; Royal Eight 7-Passenger Sedan; Royal Eight Coupe; Royal Eight Roadster—and a complete line of new 1927 Chandler Sixes. Pick your model and take a ride.

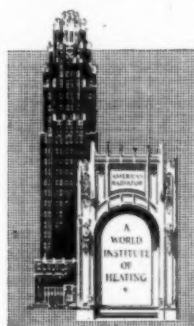
CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

The New ROYAL EIGHT *by Chandler*





HOURLY SERVICE WHICH BLANKETS THE NATION



FOR Thirty-five years the American Radiator Company has held fast to the conviction that the one and only indestructible market is that which is rooted deep in the instinctive preferences of the people.

This is the unwritten law of business growth which rises above all artificial considerations—to supply a basic human need so completely and so economically that in the mind of the average man there is never even a thought of turning to any other source.

The American Radiator Company saw thirty-five years ago this vision of a service so widespread and painstaking that it would render itself *indispensable* in every building operation from the most modest home to the most ambitious business structure.

That vision has become a phys-

ical, practical fact, not only in the economic soundness of the product and an actual hour-to-hour service which practically blankets the nation—but also in that other more important thing, the universal recognition that American Radiator Company and heat are synonymous terms.

Wherever there is growth—wherever there is expansion—the American Radiator Company, by right of the conquest of incomparable service, becomes an immediate and most intimate part of the process.

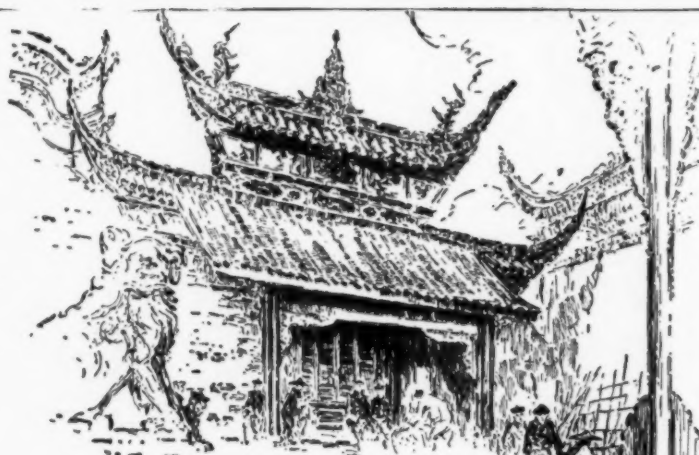
Clear across the continent, the American Radiator Company marches hand-in-hand with the spirit of development which is the instinct of America—an indispensable factor in the nation's growth because both its product and its service are indispensable.

The American Radiator Company is proud of its privilege and conscious of its responsibilities—more eager and alert to serve today and infinitely better able to do so than at any other time in thirty-five years.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and Sales Offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin.

Makers of IDEAL Boilers, AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories, etc.



Court in Shansi Club, Tzelintung

ORIENT

Attractive Roundtrip Fares

THE ORIENT is a nearby playground both in the matter of time and cost. Note these roundtrip fares.

\$600 *Yokohama and return.* Sail from San Francisco for Honolulu and Yokohama, returning to Seattle. Or return direct via Honolulu to San Francisco.

\$692 *Shanghai and return.* Sail from Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe and Shanghai, returning from Japan to San Francisco via Honolulu. Or return from Yokohama to Seattle.

\$750 *Manila and return.* Sail from San Francisco for Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, returning from Japan to Seattle. Or return from Japan to San Francisco via Honolulu.

The entire trip is made aboard great President Liners, broad and steady. They are luxuriously furnished, spacious, commodious. All rooms are outside. The public rooms are beautifully appointed. The dining service is excellent.

Sailings for the Orient and Round the World on the Dollar Line every week from Los Angeles and San Francisco. Every fortnight from Boston and New York for the Orient via Havana, Panama and California.

Every two weeks one of these President Liners departs from Seattle over the American Mail Line.

And there are fortnightly sailings from Naples, Genoa and Marseilles for Boston and New York.

Plan to see the Orient. No section of the world offers so much of adventure and real charm.

Complete information from any steamship or railroad ticket agent or

Dollar Steamship Line American Mail Line

Admiral Oriental Line

32 Broadway . . . New York 112 W. Adams St. . . Chicago, Ill.
604 Fifth Ave. and 25 B'way, New York 101 Bourse Bldg . . Philadelphia, Pa.
177 State Street . . . Boston, Mass. 514 W. Sixth St. . . Los Angeles, Calif.
Dime Bank Building Detroit
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco, Calif.
1519 Railroad Avenue South, Seattle, Wash.



Why Judges Grow Gray

"HE'S just a big playful boy, Your Honor. It's a case of too much rum and bad companions. As a matter of fact, he tells me that he never dreamed such a light blow would break the old man's head."

* * *

"My client had no idea that there was moonshine being made in his garage. True, he had noticed the ninety-six-dollar gas bill, but he thought the man to whom he rented the place was reading there late at night."

* * *

"This man admits he's a burglar, Your Honor, but I think he's entitled to his freedom. He saw the officer at the door and, having a loaded gun, could easily have shot him. But he proved himself a gentleman and when he jumped out the window another officer seized him."

* * *

"True, Your Honor, the respondent's husband found her behind locked doors with another man at three o'clock in the morning, but I don't think that tends to show misconduct. They were slightly intoxicated, you see, and were going out to supper. The other man had followed her in there to assist her with her coat."

* * *

"We admit guilt, Your Honor, but I want to plead for mitigation of sentence. This boy—he's only twenty-nine—would never have passed all these worthless checks if he hadn't been one of a gang. I don't think he should be made to take the blame for what another man planned."

Edward Fitzgerald.

In the Never-Never Land

ONCE upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sutton were traveling to a Certain City in the Pullman Car, "Fort Snelling Heights." As neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sutton had ever visited this Certain City, Mr. Sutton stepped out to the vestibule and returned with the Hotel Red Book. After scanning its pages for a short while, Mr. Sutton turned to Mrs. Sutton and said, "The Hotel Mammoth advertises large double rooms with bath, circulating ice water, and servitor service (whatever that may be) for five dollars up." So upon reaching this Certain City, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton registered at the Hotel Mammoth, where a very nice room clerk assigned them to a large double room with bath, circulating ice water, and servitor service, and charged them exactly five dollars.

W. B. S.

He is Always on Time! *For he is served by a timepiece of supreme reliability*



A conference at ten, luncheon at twelve-thirty, the Century at two-forty-five—for all these the business man must be exactly timed; and he is as exactly timed as the Limited itself if he carries a Hamilton Watch. For the Hamilton is more than a pocket-piece—it is a timepiece, a timepiece that under gruelling tests has won for itself the reputation of being the watch of railroad accuracy. Indeed, it is a fact that a large proportion of the railroad men of the country are served by the Hamilton Watch.

Hamilton accuracy is a matter not only of careful planning, careful machining, careful adjusting; it is the result of testing—thorough, searching testing—over a period of months. Every day, for weeks at a time, each Hamilton Watch ticks away under the keenest scrutiny, under the closest checking. When you slip a Hamilton into your pocket you may be confident that it will give you time-accuracy, year in and year out. And in a watch there can indeed be no possible substitute for accuracy.

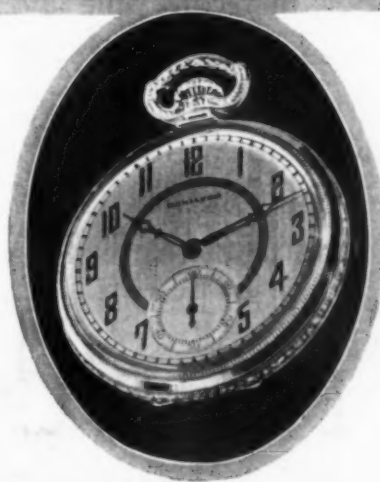
The Hamilton Watch is priced from \$48 to \$685 for pocket models; strap models, \$50 to \$88; women's wrist models, \$48 to \$60.

We should be glad to send you upon request our attractive booklets "The Timekeeper" and



"The Care of Your Watch." Address Hamilton Watch Company, 899 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

The Hamilton cushion strap watch sturdily encased in 14k filled green or white gold, costs only \$50.



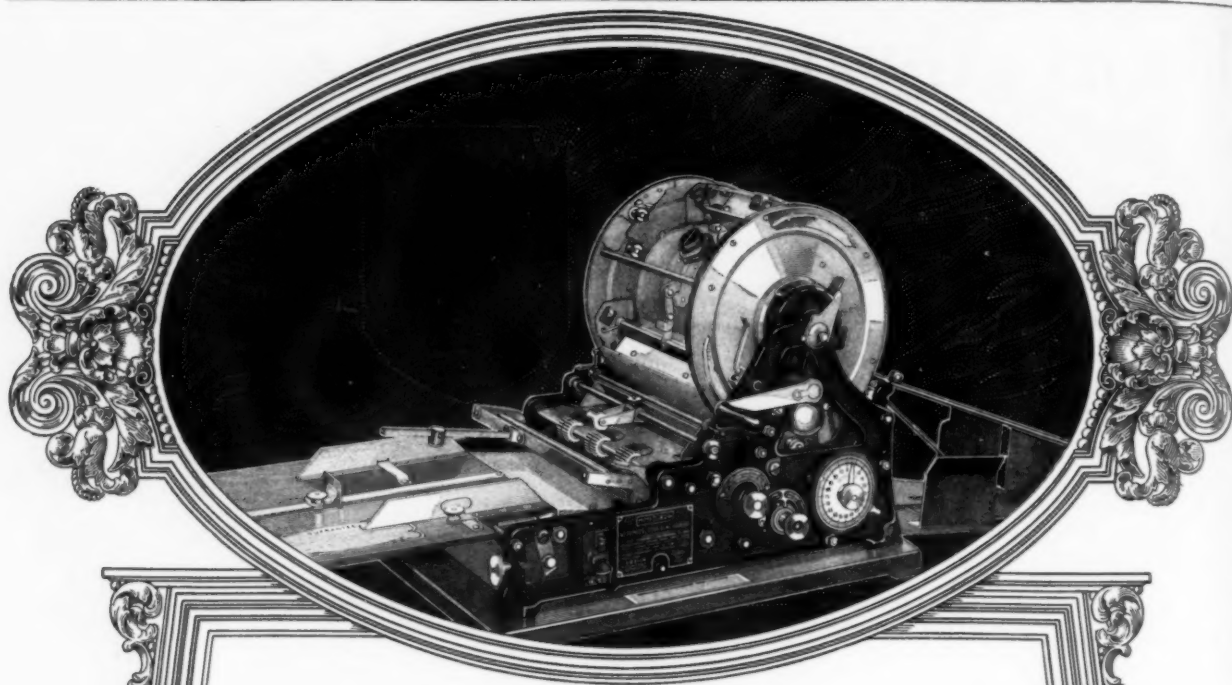
These Models
\$50

The Hamilton "Jefferson" (above) is cased in a richly chased white or green filled gold, with a 17-jewel adjusted movement that gives true Hamilton accuracy.

The Hamilton "Fillmore" has a 17-jewel movement and comes in a conservatively chased case of either green or white filled gold.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of
Railroad Accuracy



PRESTIGE

A long and honorable record of real achievement is one of the Mimeograph's proudest possessions. In unnumbered thousands of industrial and educational institutions throughout the world it is an indispensable "servant in the house," performing substantial improvements and economies. Its ability to turn out hourly several thousand exact duplicates of letters, or forms, or blanks, or diagrams, or outline drawings, or kindred matter, in record time and at small cost, has given it its outstanding prestige. The work is done privately. No annoying delays in making ready. No type to set. No expensive skill necessary. For more than thirty years the Mimeograph has led its field. What that leadership today may mean to you is set forth in our new booklet which will be sent by A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for the asking.

MIMEOGRAPH



Life

The Composite Advertisement Reader Looks at an Automobile

"WELL, Mr. Representative of a great industry with branches in principal cities, I want to see your latest model, that truly fine small car, with quality, leadership, a commanding position, world-wide prestige, pride of ownership, and a statement from the president of the company. It must be of surpassing beauty, first in volume of sales, all that money can buy, recognized by discriminating womenkind, the forerunner of to-morrow's vogue, the logical successor to the finer cars of yesterday, practically fool-proof, and a masterpiece of manufacturing genius which expresses the highest standards, meets exhaustive tests, ranks high in the public's favor, improves with use, gives unbounded satisfaction, and has a distinctive silhouette, radical changes, an illustrious clientele, greater economy, and a chassis by distinguished body builders, cushioned in rubber, and visited by frequent inspectors. A new experience awaits me, and I asked the man who owns one, and I know that it is ineffably smooth, the ultimate in unfettered motion, and vibrationless beyond belief; but although arts and science, royalty and literature unite in the most remarkable tribute ever paid to any motor car, still when better cars are built you will build them, and until then I shall be content with my bicycle, and can I have a little gasoline to take off this grease spot from my vest? I am much obliged. Good morning."

W. W. Scott.

REPORTER: To what do you attribute your failure to be elected?

ILLINOIS POLITICIAN: Hard work and clean living.



Automobile Dealer (introducing a brother dealer to his family): JOE, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE WIFE AND THE LITTLE ACCESSORIES.



"HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

"I SAID I WAS EIGHTEEN."

"YES, BUT HOW OLD ARE YOU NOW?"

Partial Comfort

WHOSE love is given over-well
Shall look on Helen's face in
hell;

While they whose love is thin and
wise

May view John Knox in Paradise.

Dorothy Parker.

Aftermath

SCENE: Office of LIFE's Alibi Contest Judges.

TIME: One hour after the final award has been announced. The Judges are still prostrate. There is a knock. Eighteen thousand disappointed Alibi Contest contributors enter menacingly.

THEIR SPOKESMAN: We really can't see the point to those prize-winning Alibis. What makes you think they are better than the ones we submitted?

THE JUDGES: Well, you see, it was this way...

CURTAIN

P. S. They did not win the \$50.
L. C. Beutel.

His Lucky Day

"I'LL let you in on a secret—
Smith's wife has just left him."

"Great! Now what's the secret of it?"

AT the rate baseball scandal is progressing it will be years before it is brought up-to-date.



"WHEN SHE TRAVELS SHE TAKES ALONG HER SERVANTS AND PETS."
"GRACIOUS! HOW SCANDALOUS!"

"Show Boat" Chronology

CAN you beat this?
* * *

Parthenia was eighty at the time of her death; page 370. Magnolia was sixty when Parthenia died; page 372. Parthenia, then, was twenty when Magnolia was born. Parthenia had been married seven years

when Magnolia was born; page 29. So Parthenia must have been thirteen when she married. Parthenia was seven years older than Captain Andy; page 27. Ergo, Captain Andy was all of six when he entered the married state.

* * *

Can you MATCH it?



"HERE, DOGGIE, DOGGIE, DOGGIE!"
"SAY, SISTER, CUT OUT TH' PET NAMES, WILL YA? I'M TRYIN' T' BRING THIS PUP UP HARD-BOILED."

Influence of the English Social Comedy Upon Two Members of the Clothing Business

"OI, I say, vot rotten vedder ve're heving."

"Yes. It's bistly, doncher know."

"Desh hit hall, vy doesn't the sun come hout like an hold dir?"

"Ve could jolly vell stend some nice vedder. I say, hev you heard about the Ginsbergs?"

"No, hold bin, vot's the noos?"

"Sadie ran away vit the shuffer."

"Soives Sem jolly vell right. He's so terrible meedle-less ennyhow. Vell, it's all a bistly mess. Doncher t'ink so, hold t'ing?"

"Oi, I don't know. Sadie's rilly top holl."

"Oi, I say, not rilly!"

"Yes, by Jovv!"

"Vot a gestly mess! Vell, I'll be goink."

"Oi, I say, vidder away?"

"I t'ink I'll hev a robber or two at the clobb."

"Chock heet, Alix, and I'll hev Jivves breeng in some tea. Oi, Jivves, breeng in some glesses tea."

"How menney glesses, sor?"

"Two, Jivves."

"Mit lemon, sor?"

"Eef you pliz, Jivves."

"Very goot, sor."

"No, Oiving, I'll t'ink I'll emble alonk vitout tea. It's very dissent of you ennyhow."

"Oi, rot."

"Vell, I'll desh alonk. Peep, peep, hold t'ing."

"Cheery-ho, Alix. And don't t'ink eel of Sadie Ginsberg. She's rilly docky. Cheery-ho!"

Arthur Kober.

Hardware

ALTHOUGH I'm not a teeny

Bit afraid of getting hurt,
I think, like Mussolini,
That I'll wear an iron shirt.

It's not that I'd be swagger,
For I'm not a freakish frosh,
But the shirt that turns a dagger
Might come safely through the wash.

Thomas Pye.



The King Discovers That the Mustard on the Royal Table Is
Not by Special Appointment to His Majesty



Stranger: SO YOU ARE THE POSTMASTER, STOREKEEPER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND CONSTABLE OF THIS TOWN?
Native: YASSIR! YOU MIGHT SAY I'M THE MUSSOLINI OF BUCKEYE CORNERS.

Nicety à la Mode

LADY OF THE HOUSE (at back door): What have you this morning that's nice?

TONY: Oh, this-a morn', I have some ver' nice tomatoes, carrots, spinach—

LADY: If it's nice spinach, you may bring me some spinach. And, Tony, are your radishes nice?

TONY: Oh, my radishes ver' nice, so nice.

LADY: If they're nice, bring me some, but be very sure they are nice. What kind of tomatoes have you?

TONY: Oh, I have some ver' nice tomatoes.

LADY: How nice are they?

TONY: Oh, such-a nice tomatoes!

LADY: Well, bring me some tomatoes, if they're nice. How are the carrots?

TONY: Oh, my carrots ver' nice, ever'thing nice.

LADY: Very well, Tony; spinach, radishes, some tomatoes and carrots, but they must all be nice.

L. H. G.

What It Was

WILLIS: When was the first frost last year?

GILLIS: September eighth. "Are you sure?"

"Positive. That was the date of my wife's reception."

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY DEAR, I NEVER said ANY such a THING—I mean I ACTUALLY NEVER DID, because I mean I simply NEVER gossip as you KNOW, my dear, and I mean whoEVER TOLD you I said that about Mabel is simply a HELL-cat because I mean she's a DAMNED LIAR, that's ALL I've got to SAY about her because I HONESTLY VOW I NEVER said a WORD to her about Mabel because I mean I simply ADORE Mabel and I mean I ALWAYS stick UP for her because I mean I've ALWAYS been TERRIBLY FOND of her as you KNOW, my dear, even when she said POISONOUS things about me, I mean, when some FOUL person told her I said something perfectly VILE about her which I simply

VOW I NEVER said because I mean you KNOW, my dear, I NEVER gossip because I mean I think it just GETS you into TROUBLE with people, my dear. But ANYways, my dear, I BET it was GRACE who told you I made that perfectly VILE remark about MABEL, my dear, because I mean she's a PERFECT little HELL-cat and I mean we've ALWAYS LOATHED each other because I mean she KNOWS I SIMPLY ABOMINATE her, my dear, because I mean she's the WORLD'S WORST GOSsIP and I mean she simply spends her ENTIRE TIME saying simply POISONOUS THINGS about practically EVERYbody she KNOWS, my dear—I mean she ACTUALLY DOES!"

Lloyd Mayer.



Young Artist of the "We Moderns" School (reading newspapers): GOSH, THE CRITICS DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF MY PICTURE.

Visiting Friend: CONGRATULATIONS, MY BOY — YOU HAVE arrived!

PROFESSOR: Mention a recent addition to the by-products of petroleum. "Er—war-scares."



Israelite Golf Bug: KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, MOSES!

How to Write a Movie

FIRST think of a title. Some name like "The Doll's House" or "Martin Chuzzlewit" will do.

Once you have the title, the battle is half over. The plot concerns a girl named Sue, daughter of a middle-class family. The first scene shows the living-room of Sue's papa's house in Glendale. The room is three hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and has porphyry stairs and a butler in a striped waistcoat.

Sue's papa is mad because Sue doesn't marry Harold Dingrath, apprentice to the local taxidermist. He expresses this anger by taking a cigar out of his mouth and dashing it to the floor. The butler picks it up and finishes it. (That's your comic touch.)

That night Harold arrives at Sue's in an eight-cylinder car, which he evidently earned by stuffing birds in his spare time. Sue's mamma, who is also promoting the match, makes a very crude remark, such as, "Harold, did you know my Sue is a hell of a good cook?" This bothers Sue, who has delicacy, and when Harold proposes she tells him she doesn't love him—which the audience knows is an out-and-out fib. When Harold leaves, she runs to the door and

presses her lips against it. Harold is doing exactly the same thing on the other side. (That's your pathos.)

Now is the time to let Another Woman enter Harold's life. The looser she is the better. A good way of introducing her is by showing first

a close-up of a cigarette in a long ivory holder, then the sinuous hand, then the sinuous arm, finally the Other Woman's face. (There's your sex appeal.)

Next run the sub-title, "Years roll by and Spring has come to southern France." Show apple blossoms. Sue has drifted there and has married a nobleman, who won her on a bet, but she is his wife IN NAME ONLY. Keep the audience straight on this point by showing how the nobleman rolls up in a blanket and sleeps on the mantelpiece all night long. (That's your imagination.)

In the last reel Sue and Harold meet by accident in Australia, where Harold has gone to get away from the Other Woman. The audience will have to guess why Sue is there. Anyway, there she is. (That's your dénouement.)

Change the title from "Martin Chuzzlewit" to "Sex" and send it to any good producer. There's nothing to it. E. B. W.



"WELL, MARJORIE, HERE WE ARE AT THE ZOO. NOW WHICH OF THE ANIMALS WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE FIRST?"
"THE CRICKETS."

On the Wheel

"YOU say his wife drove him to drink?"

"Yes, from the back seat."



The Gay Nineties

WHILE YOU ARE LAMBASTING THE MUCH MALIGNED MOVIES JUST REMEMBER THAT IT WAS THE INFANT INDUSTRY, AWAY BACK IN THE CUSTARD PIE ERA, THAT HAD THE NERVE TO START A CAMPAIGN WHEREBY THE LONG-SUFFERING THEATREGOER WAS AT LAST PERMITTED TO GET AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THE SHOW HE HAD PAID TO SEE.

Binneyville Bugle

MR. HARRISON NEBS and Mrs. Nebs have returned from a trip to New York, where the Missus got her face and Harrison his watch lifted, both on Broadway.

* * *

Rosalie, Zeb Gurley's cow, was arrested again yesterday by Poundmaster Skinner. Same old charge—Loitering.

* * *

Hilary Jones and Jennie Brown were thrown together so much during a ride on the roller coaster last Saturday evening that their engagement has been announced.

Folks hereabouts are pretty proud of Congressman Binks. He rose in the House in Washington last Saturday and got it to adjourn.

* * *

Clem Tebbins is probably the most bashful man that ever lived. He has worn two pairs of suspenders for years.

F. B. M.

In Difficulties

"BELLE seems to be having trouble at the beauty counter."

"She has so much natural color that it is hard for her to select rouge."

Overheard in a Bookstore

"SAY, is that a good book? What's it like? Good and snappy? I like a snappy book. Some hot stuff. But not immoral. Just good. A novel, I guess. A kind of short story. About the sea. You know. A girl, too. And detectives. In the West, maybe. A couple of murders. People shot. But cheerful, kind of. I like them cheerful. The books, I mean. They got to be cheerful. Have you got a book like that? Almost any book. I'm not particular. Just so it's good. Yes, and snappy. I like a good book."

W. W. Scott.

EXTRA PRIZES AWARDED



ALIBI NUMBER SIX

Bond Salesman: HELLO, MR. BROWN, I WAS JUST CALLING YOUR OFFICE; WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GIRL'S TELLING ME YOU WERE IN CONFERENCE?

Big Business Man: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY... I was in conference with my niblick and my God.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

ENSIGN E. GRANT, U. S. N.,
U. S. S. Arctic,
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, California.

Ten second prizes, instead of the usual five, have been awarded this week to those who submitted the line: "Her word is as good as your bond." These prizes, of \$10 each, go to the following:

E. H. BEMIS, York, Neb.; MABE FISHER, Baltimore, Md.; W. W. GREGG, Elmira, N. Y.; R. R. HILLMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. W. B. KIRKMAN, Andover, Mass.; FLORENCE G. POSTOR, Washington, D. C.; W. H. RYDER, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. W. TRACY, North Andover, Mass.; JANE WILSON, Pasadena, Cal.; S. G. YOCUM, Millville, N. J.

The Judges of the Alibi Contest have also awarded six special third prizes of \$5.00 each to the following, who submitted variations of "My word is as good as your bond":

E. H. BRODIE, Detroit, Mich.; GRACE CORNWALL, Mill Valley, Cal.;

(Continued on page 33)

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 33

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

ALIBI-TOSSING is the new national sport—and here's a perfect chance for the amateur Alibi artist to turn professional.

Study the situation depicted below; place yourself in the dentist's position for the moment—and then decide what *you* would say to the pained patient who took you at your word.

Send your Alibis (any number of 'em) to LIFE, and you will be in line to win one of the cash prizes. Read *all* the conditions carefully and be sure to write *legibly*, using only one side of the paper.

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

Remember that, in the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize is awarded to all tying contestants. In the case of ALIBI NUMBER SIX, about which you may read in the column to your left, *ten extra cash prizes* were handed out to successful contestants.

ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

ALIBI NUMBER ELEVEN



The Patient: WOW! YOU SAID THAT WASN'T GOING TO HURT A BIT!
The Dentist: WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY...



"I'VE HAD MOTHER-IN-LAW TROUBLES PLUS. JERRY'S FATHER HAS GIVEN HIM FOUR MOTHERS, AND THEY ALL ADORE HIM!"

Those Allied Building Trades

(The scene is the framework of a new skyscraper. A Riveter and his Boss are having an argument on a girder at what will be the sixty-second floor of the completed building.)

BOSS (angrily): Say! Wot's the big idea leavin' out half the rivets?

RIVETER (emphasizing the point with tobacco juice, as in "The Big Parade"): Dat's to make it easy for de

wreckers when dey tear it down.

BOSS (grudgingly): Good idea.

Huh?

TEACHER: Now, Danny, what are you doing, learning something?

DANNY: No, ma'am. I was just listenin' to you.



HOW TO BE A PAINLESS DENTIST

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February
1st

A great sheaf of bills by the first post, very depressing, nor did I open them to find out the exact sums for which I am beholden through fear of becoming so cast down that I could not arise and go about the day's business, so, dreaming of an invulnerable solvency, I did ask Sam what would be the first thing he would do if he suddenly came into a million, and he responded with no hesitancy soever, "Buy this apartment building and put out the old zany who lives below us," nor could I think of a more satisfactory thing for him to do, neither, for Lord! the wretch downstairs complains if our servants do but walk across the floors in our absence and blames us for various noises due to the construction of the building, and if I did not know that he was in the insurance business, I should take him for the runner-up in marking the sparrows' fall. Florence Kimball to luncheon with me, and we made a fine meal off turtle soup, creamed oysters, cold ham and salad, and oranges preserved in grenadine, which God knows I should not have eaten, and Florence did tell about making a record of Grieg's "Ein Traum" at the Victor factory in Camden and saying, "That was certainly rotten!" at the conclusion of her fourth trial so that her verdict also reached the wax and she must needs go through the whole nerve-racking business again. In speaking of how well Edith Piper had sung the piece from "Herodiade" at her concert last night, I did vouchsafe that in spite of my appreciation of the technical finesse which goes into the proper rendering of a song in a foreign tongue, I am nevertheless glad when a program reaches the cheap-and-easy group in English, and it is because our own writers get such a kick out of the coming of day or of Spring or of their love that they do seldom write about anything else, thereby giving a soprano a splendid chance to emit a tremendous final whoop, which, if well done, never fails to thrill me.



Pretty Slick

Hank: WHAT ARE THEM THERE PLUS-FOURS DOING ON THET SCARE-CROW O' YOURS, HI?

Hiram: THET'S THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW IDEA O' FARM RELIEF!

February
2nd

Very loth to leave my bed, a most unwonted pain in my stomach awakening the suspicion that perhaps I am beginning to break and can no longer stand (Continued on page 30)

Life



Lines

SPRING is just around the corner and in a few weeks every woman will be shopping for her new Easter garters.

┐

"Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hageman are rejoicing over the arrival of a amfwpy emfwpy emfwpy emfwppp doing nicely."
—Youngstown Vindicator.

"But whatever it is," said Mrs. HAGEMAN, "it's mine!"

┐

It seems time for BRUCE BARTON to write a book on the Administration's attitude toward Mexico. Title: "The Policy Nobody Knows."

┐

If the Republicans do not look sharp they will have a candidate running for the presidency on the slogan, "He kept us out of war."

┐

"Prince WILLIAM, eldest son of former Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM," an Associated Press dispatch informs us, "has won four dueling victories this year and inflicted enough gashes on the faces and hands of his opponents to be a real hero at Potsdam."

"The place," says a certain Harvard man, "is not Potsdam, but Princeton."

┐

In accordance with her hoary old athletic traditions Yale, we presume, will be, in regard to the Harvard-Princeton fracas, distinctly on the Fence.

┐

Among the concrete virtues of a bootlegger is that, if you let him talk long enough, he always gets down to cases.



"ETHEL, YOU ARE THE quaintest THING! WHY, MY DEAR, YOU LOOK POSITIVELY EFFEMINATE!"

Each to His Choice

I HAVE only one wish in life. Just one thing I really want to do before I leave this world.

Some of us demand a great deal in life. Some of us want money that we may be money-powerful. Money is a great thing.

Some of us want power that we may do as we wish. To be a Senator, or possibly a President, is our greatest ambition.

Some of us want to travel—to Europe—around the world. To be continually on the go, learning and observing things everywhere. Travel is so broadening.

And some of us seek leadership in Society. Always seeking other worlds to conquer, never satisfied.

Others can have their money, their power, their desire to travel, their leadership in Society, their manifold desires; but I have only a single wish. My cup of happiness will be filled if, sometime, I can go to some little Iowa church and listen to a champion hog-caller say "Amen."
K. Doris.

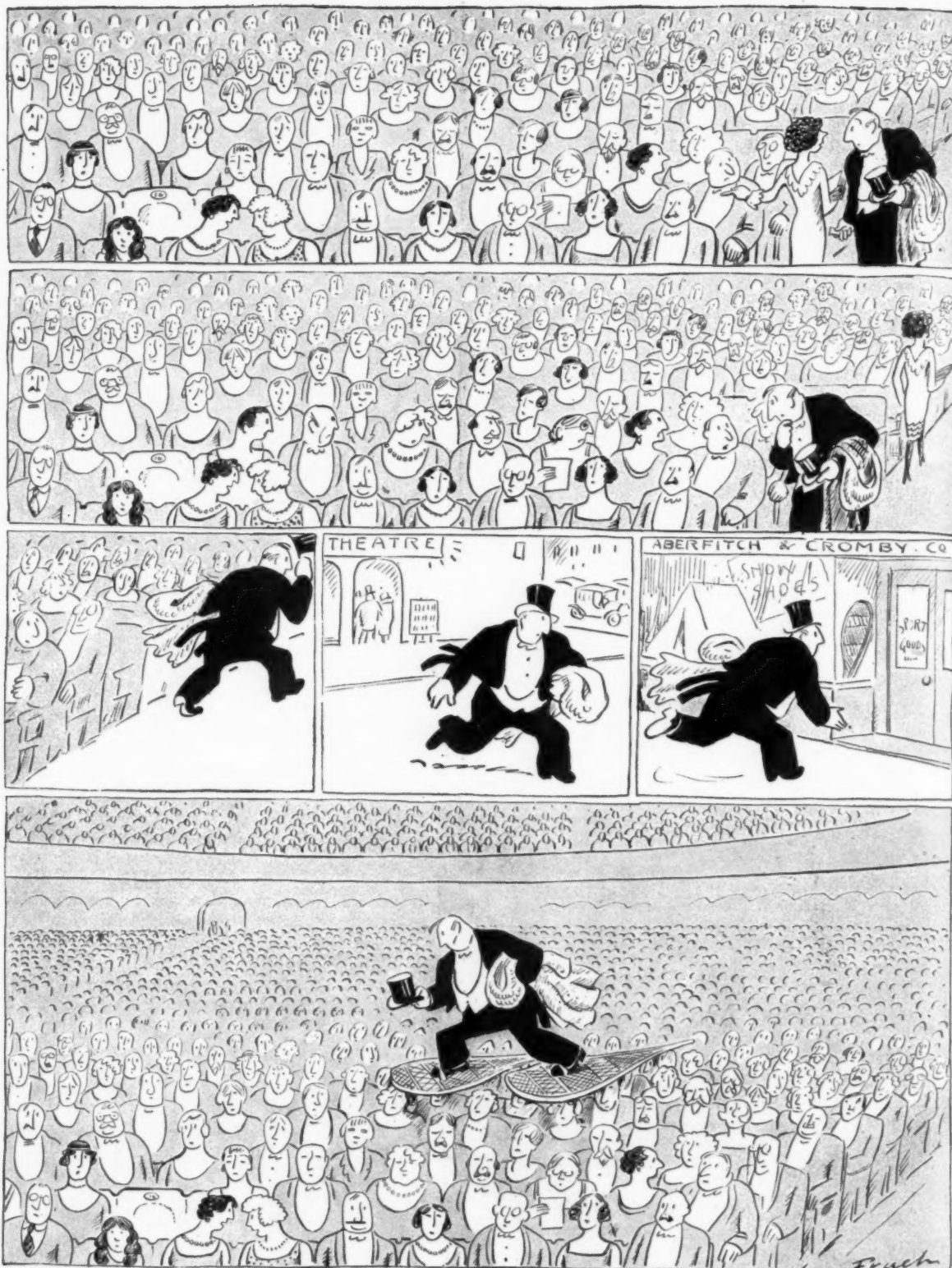
Polyglot

YAP: Do you speak any foreign languages?

SAP: Yes, French, German and Advertising.



The Boy: DO YOU THINK WE COULD LIVE ON TEN THOUSAND A YEAR?
The Girl: YES, BUT WHO IS GOING TO GIVE IT TO US?



Hudson Bay Harry Solves That Seat-in-the-Center Problem

A Song of Slush

PRITHEE, listen to—
To my wail of woe!
Like a sea of glue
Slithery is the snow;
Slip—and down you go;
Did you think it plush
That you sat on? No!
Sing a song of slush!

Brow of pallid hue,
Weeping eyes below;
Fearful of the "flu,"
Timorous of toe,
Wandering to and fro
So we rage and rush
Through the welter. O
Sing a song of slush!

Bitter is our brew;
We have eaten crow;
What can mortals do?—
Sniff and sneeze and blow!
How the runnels flow!
How the gutters gush!
This is truth, I trow;
Sing a song of slush!

L'Envoi.

Such a dale of dough!
Such a mess of mush!
Hey, my Muse, and ho!
Sing a song of slush!

Clinton Scollard.

Co-operation

"SWEETHEART, once we're married I shall expect you to introduce a chow dog into the house, and when you're not bathing it or knitting little coats for it, you will be away having your hair bobbed, your face massaged, and your mind improved. You will become a member of two or three literary discussion groups and charity associations, and five times a year you will hold a spear or carry a tray in some Little Theatre. Moreover, I shall expect you to have a great deal to say about furs, interior decorating, the servant problem, rummage sales, etiquette, John Gilbert, and the men you might have married. You will take up the study of French, and I shall expect you also to buy at least one cigarette holder every week, and one ship model, and one doll.

"If you don't do all these things," concluded the professional humorist, "I'll be in a bad way for material."

NO one carries his liquor well any more, except the bootlegger.



She: MY GOSH! IT'S ONE O'CLOCK AND MOTHER HAS ME LOCKED OUT!

He: HOW IN THE WORLD WILL YOU GET IN?

She: THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT HERE ON THE PORCH UNTIL SHE GETS HOME.

The Boor

MA: You seem to have turned against Mr. Blink, Susie; I thought you wanted him to visit us.

SUSIE: I did, Ma. But he's proved his culture. He's walked on my hook rugs; he's cut the leaves in all my best books; he insists on keeping

score on my bridge pads; he uses the Madeira napkins at tea; he uses the guest towels; he's sat on all the divan pillows, and this morning I discovered the hand-painted shower-curtain in the bathroom was actually all wet!



Banckdale Rogers

Jane: YOU REMEMBER, YOU TOLD ME THAT IF I'D PUT A PIECE OF THAT WEDDING CAKE UNDER MY PILLOW I WOULD DREAM ABOUT MY FUTURE HUSBAND?

Joan: WELL, DID YOU?

Jane: THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME; I DREAMT ABOUT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.



FEBRUARY 24, 1927

VOL. 89. 2312

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor

CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer



THE Gladstone calumny trial turned out as it should.

Peter Wright, who said the old man was such a loose liver, was thrown out of court. Yet very likely he believed that he was speaking the truth. The world abounds with men who think of the relations between men and women almost exclusively from the physical standpoint. Observing the attraction women have for men and men for women, they put it all on a physical basis and then look for scandals. If they don't find them easily they can always invent them. They are very stupid people. The great trouble with Peter Wright is (not to put it too bluntly) the limitation of his understanding.

Gladstone liked the ladies and was sensitive to the charm of pretty women. The attraction they had for him was all to his credit. He was alive; not a brickyard nor a book in breeches, but a man. The Peter Wrights and all the stupid people fail to recognize that the feminine spirit has a message for man; that men get from women mentally and spiritually what they cannot get from other men, a stimulus, a mental recreation which is extremely valuable, and which such men as Gladstone, and more lately and quite conspicuously Woodrow Wilson, are always looking for. That relation of the mind has its perils, no doubt, but is in itself as innocent as it is valuable.

Another thing the Peter Wrights do not understand is that some

decent-living men come in their age to the condition of loving not so much individual women as woman-kind. Gladstone evidently had that affection. He talked to women of the street, to the scandal of men like Peter Wright, but so did Edmund Burke, another man with a great heart and great gifts of discourse, and concerned to save the world. All women are more or less sweet to such men. They want to save the misguided and they enjoy the company of the pretty and the good ones. You will find in the New Testament abundant examples of the same disposition in the leading character of that remarkable compilation.



BISHOP DIAZ says the Catholic Church will win in Mexico, but he strongly opposes intervention there by the United States.

He is probably right in both particulars. Intervention would do nothing but make mischief. It is very unlikely that there will be any, either to help the Catholics or the oil men and other grant owners, but with both of these complainants the Mexican Government in the end will have to play fair. Neither of them is likely to get all they want; both of them may hope to get as much as they ought to have, or if not quite that, at least some approximation to it. Mexico cannot do business unless it protects just property rights. The prevailing religion in Mexico is Roman Catholic. That will go on, of course, but not necessarily without changes and concessions, and, let us

hope, marked improvements. Meanwhile New York seems a more comfortable, as well as a more profitable, place for Bishop Diaz than Mexico.

Disgruntled citizens often speak of giving the country back to the Indians, but it is not really a practical suggestion. Much more to the point would be the proposal to give Texas back to Mexico. It would be a large medicament, but it would probably cure Mexico and perhaps all of Central America, and possibly it would cure Texas.



NEWSPAPERS say Henry Ford's fortune is now as much as two billion dollars. Henry does not say so, but various experts have figured on it and it may be true. An incomprehensible amount of money and yet in a way important; not interesting just as a mass, but quite interesting for the emphasis that it gives to the mind of Henry Ford! For that is a very interesting mind, and one of half a dozen or fewer minds of men that have changed human life in this generation. The English periodicals constantly discuss Henry, and any thoughtful person who looks across the Atlantic and sees what is going on here is apt to take thought about Henry Ford. That helps to explain why the size of Henry's fortune is important. He is not a safe deposit vault nor even a bank, but something like a projectile with all these millions back of his nose.

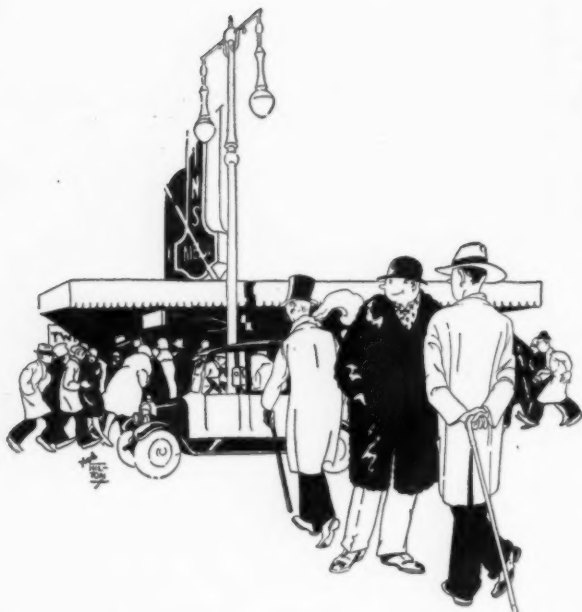
What is he going to do with them, or they with him? What else is he going to do to this world? He has done a lot already and is still going strong and thinking out new manœuvres.

Two billions! All that power behind Henry Ford, and anything one can think of liable to happen in this world in the next ten years and to call for medication!

The control of these vast sums by individuals is an extremely interesting and important factor in contemporary life. Mr. Rockefeller has been a great example of it. Mr. Ford seems to be about as unlike Mr. Rockefeller as they come, but it may turn out that they are both on the job to improve human life.

E. S. Martin.





"THE SHOW SEEMS TO BE A BIG HIT."
"YES, IT'S THE LAST WORD IN SEX PLAYS. THEY DRAMATIZED THE COMPOSITE PICTURES IN THE TABLOIDS."

Dutiful Doris

SHE is considerate. She never wakens anybody when she comes in. If the family is already up she is cheerful and agreeable.

She is not extravagant. Many times, rather than exceed her allowance, she has had things charged.

She is respectful. She listens to her father and mother tell of when they were eighteen with the utmost patience.

She is unselfish. She would share her father's last ounce with a friend.

McCready Huston.



Spirit Medium: I JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM MY LIVING COUSIN.
Angel Chorus: HAW! HAW! HAW! MORE BUNK! FAKE! TELL IT TO SWEENEY.

Interpretative Poem

SAID Mr. Blitz of Blitz & Morgenstein,
"The aims of business never have been higher;
To make the world a place more clean and fine
Is what I work for, and my partner, Meyer."
Which reads, when into simple words translated,
"Our profits must continue unabated."

Declared the Editor of the *Daily Blare*,
"Our purpose is distinctly altruistic;
The public welfare is our only care—
Our sole concern, with things idealistic."
As who should say, in words not unsurprising,
"This year we look for bigger advertising."

"The cause of Art I'll never cease to serve,"
Said Jake McHokum, well-known theatre magnate;
"My high æsthetic purpose shall not swerve,
Nor will I let the people's morals stagnate."
And hasn't he the cutest way of saying
How well he loves to see the people paying!
D'Annunzio Cohen.

Anything to Oblige

AN Anxious Reader writes to us as follows:
"Sir—I have lately been ordered by my physician to abstain from fruit juice. My metabolism, it would seem, abhors the stuff—and should I so much as mention it, I am visited by sharp, angry pains.

"Now this, *per se*, is unimportant. The answer would seem to be—lay off fruit juice. But there is a really serious aspect to my problem, and it is with this in mind that I approach you now. If I must divorce myself, for the time being, from oranges and lemons, what am I to do about the matter of cocktails?"

"Having been only seventeen years of age when Prohibition went into effect, I had no chance to familiarize myself with Martinis, Manhattans or other concoctions which, I am told, could be prepared without recourse to fruit juice.

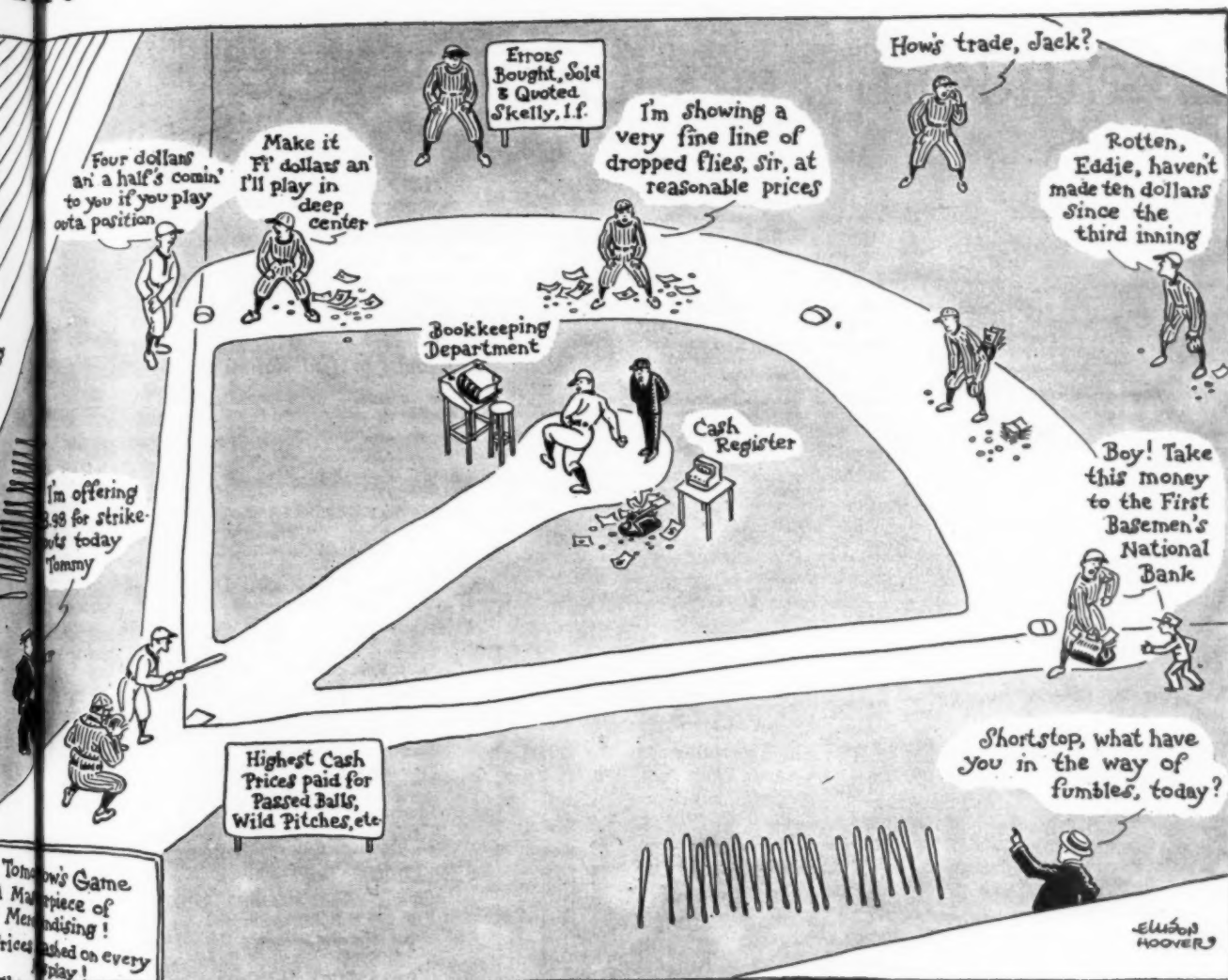
"If you will tell me how such cocktails are made, I shall cheerfully subscribe for your amusing little journal for twenty years."

IN answer to this harrowing plea, we may say that, under present conditions, it is legally impossible to make such potations as our young friend describes. If, however, he is really serious in his determination, and will be stopped by nothing, we suggest that he approach Congress and, by orderly, peaceful methods, bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, the Volstead Act to enforce the Eighteenth Amend-



ment, and such state or statutes as may prohibit holic beverages. Having accomplished this, proceed to any reliable lic chase gin, rye, whisky, b in such quantities as he m

TO make a Manhattan Cocktail: 50 per cent. of gin, 50 per cent. of Italian Vermouth, and shake. The mouth may be obtained in holic form, but the gin A Manhattan Cocktail: 50 per cent. Italian Vermouth, Whisky and a dash of Other popular recipes Metropolitan Cocktail: 50 per cent. Vermouth, 50 per cent. Cocktails: 50 per cent. Italian Vermouth, 25 p



The Grand Old Game

any State or municipal laws or ordinances which prohibit the sale of alcoholic beverages. If he accomplished this much, he should be a reliable liquor dealer and purveyor of whisky, brandy or applejack in any quantity as he may require.

e a Martini Cocktail, he should mix
cent. dry gin with 50 per cent Ital-
mouth, and shake well. (The Ver-
y be obtained even now in non-alco-
a, but the gin is another matter.)
hattan Cocktail represents 50 per
ian Vermouth, 50 per cent. Rye
and a dash of Bitters.

Recipes are as follows:

Cocktail: 50 per cent. Dry
50 per cent. Brandy... Perfect
50 per cent. Dry Gin, 25 per cent.
ermouth, 25 per cent. Dry Ver-

mouth and an orange peel (if that's allowable)...Vermouth Cocktail: 100 per cent. Italian Vermouth, a dash of Bitters and another dash of Maraschino...Star Cocktail: 50 per cent. Italian Vermouth and 50 per cent. Applejack.

WE hope that this serves to answer our correspondent's request, and we wish him all sorts of luck. As to the twenty-year subscription, we suggest that he take out, instead, twenty subscriptions for one year. It would cost no more, and would make the circulation look better.

LIFE.

The Correct Form

TEACHER: Johnny, you know better than to say that you *seen* something. Now what *should* you say?

"I heard it from a fellow who seen it."

The Artful Dodger

EDITOR OF *Beautiful Bodies*: Have you got all those nude photographs lined up for the next issue?

ASSISTANT: Yes, here they are.

EDITOR: How many sex stories have you ready with illustrations?

ASSISTANT: Four.

EDITOR: Have you got plenty of spicy fillers selected?

ASSISTANT: Yes—some unusually hot stuff.

EDITOR: Good. Take down this editorial on purity.

Stark Realism

"JONES is the most brutally frank business man in town."

"How so?"

"When he remits in payment, he writes: 'You have already found the enclosed check.'"

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. Longacre—Heavy-handed realism.

The Barker. Billmore—A good evening's entertainment among the circus folk, with Walter Huston heading the cast.

Caponsacchi. Hampden's—"The Ring and the Book" made into a costume play for Walter Hampden.

The Captive. Empire—Pathological or not, it is a fine play.

Civic Repertory. (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne and her company making a brave stab at something "worth while."

The Constant Nymph. Cort—The novel dealt with tenderly and effectively.

The Dark. Lyceum—Refined Grand Guignol.

Fog. National—A melodrama by the author of "The Cat and the Canary." To be reviewed next week.

Honor Be Damned! Morosco—Something written by Willard Mack for Willard Mack.

Laboratory Theatre (East 58th St.)—Interesting experiments, better done than most.

The Ladder. Waldorf—Boosting the theory of reincarnation, but not very far.

Lulu Alone. Forrest—Alice Brady in a little tragedy which grows increasingly poignant as it nears its end.

Lulu Belle. Belasco—Lenore Ulric, with Henry Hull, showing what happens to a colored girl who has a lot of fun going wrong.

Ned McCobb's Daughter. John Golden—One of the best plays in town. With Clare Eames and Alfred Lunt.

The Noose. Hudson—Fairly regulation melodrama.

Off Key. Belmont—With Florence Eldridge and McKay Morris. To be reviewed next week.

Pinwheel. Neighborhood—To be reviewed next week.

Sex. Daly's—Not even good enough to be censored.

The Squall. Forty-Eighth St.—Dealing with something new in the theatre—sex-appeal.

Trapped. Garrick—Formerly "For Better or Worse." Mostly worse.

The Wandering Jew. Cosmopolitan—An elaborate presentation of an old legend.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—An affront to public morals which should be stopped by the police.

The Adventurous Age. Mansfield—With Mrs. Patrick Campbell. To be reviewed next week.

Broadway. Broadhurst—A swell all-around show.

Chicago. Music Box—Hilarious kidding of our official handling of crime. Should be seen both for entertainment and instruction.

The Constant Wife. Maxine Elliott's—Something for Ethel Barrymore to embellish—which she does.

The Devil in the Cheese. Charles Hopkins—A rather nice fantasy.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Times Square—If you laughed at the book you ought to laugh at this, especially as it has June Walker and Edna Hibbard in it.

Lally. Greenwich Village—To be reviewed next week.

New York Exchange. Forty-Ninth St.—More about the elderly ladies who rent their Lotharios. Hardly worth your time.

The Night Hawk. Frolic—Dealing with the not-uninteresting subject of glandular rejuvenation. Carroll McComas is the lucky girl.

Pygmalion. Guild—Lynn Fontanne in Shaw.

The Road to Rome. Playhouse—Jane Cowl giving a very pleasant and plausible reason for Hannibal's failure to capture Rome.

Saturday's Children. Booth—A quietly important little play about early married life. With Ruth Gordon.

Sinner. Klaw—To be reviewed next week.

The Strawberry Blonde. Bijou—To be reviewed next week.

Tommy. Gaiety—Clean as a whistle and more amusing.

Trelawny of the Wells. New Amsterdam—Reviewed in this issue.

Two Girls Wanted. Little—Pleasant.

The Wooden Kimono. Martin Beck—Burlesque melodrama.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bye, Bye, Bonnie. Ritz—Probably your money's worth.

Countess Maritza. Forty-Fourth St.—A high-class score.

Criss-Cross. Globe—Fred Stone pleasing his customary thousands.

The Desert Song. Casino—A good musical comedy, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

Gay Paree. Winter Garden—Chic Sale and one of the better Winter Garden shows.

Honeymoon Lane. Knickerbocker—Eddie Dowling in a successful attempt to entertain the public.

I Told You So. Forty-Sixth St.—Sam Bernard in a 1927 version of "The Rich Mr. Hoggheimer."

Judy. Royale—To be reviewed next week.

The Nightingale. Jolson—Eleanor Painter in a singing show.

Oh, Kay! Imperial—Gertrude Lawrence sailing pleasantly along, accompanied by Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw.

Oh, Please! Fulton—Something for Beatrice Lillie to kid as only she can. Charles Winninger lends able assistance.

Peggy-Ann. Vanderbilt—Helen Ford and awfully nice music.

The Pirates of Penzance. Plymouth—A Gilbert and Sullivan feast.

Queen High. Ambassador—Practically the dean of current musical shows and still good. Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. Lyric—Plenty of burlesque room for Clark and McCullough, which is as it should be.

Rio Rita. Ziegfeld—Reviewed in this issue.

Rose-Marie. Century—You know as well as we do.

Scandals. Apollo—George White's best show.

Twinkle, Twinkle. Liberty—Some laughs from Joe Brown.

Vanities. Earl Carroll—Julius Tannen, Moran and Mack and the customary Carroll galaxy, aided by several stars from London.

Yours Truly. Shubert—Reviewed in this issue.

No Complaint

"WHAT do you think of those stories hitting at Gladstone's moral character?"

"I've had one of his bags for six years and it's always given me good service."



McKENNEY'S

"AND WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

Child (patiently): UNDER THE LATEST RULING BY THE COURT I AM FATHER'S FOUR MONTHS OF THE TIME, MOTHER'S FOUR MONTHS OF THE TIME, AND UNATTACHED STATE PROPERTY THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR.



Tan-rant-ara!

OUR prediction, a few weeks ago, that some day a theatre would be built which did not jam its patrons to a pulp in the passageway behind the seats was practically uncanny. Such a theatre has already been built and, what is more, opened. And opened to what is technically known as a "fanfare." Need we add that it is Mr. Ziegfeld's new theatre?

Aside from the ease of entering and exiting from the Ziegfeld, there are several features which are grateful, but we do not know how to describe them. There is quite a lot of gold around the proscenium and all kinds of mediæval prankery going on among the figures in the mural decoration. And that just about closes our architectural notes for the week.



AS for the production which opened the Ziegfeld, we are violating no confidence in letting it out that its name is "Rio Rita." It is a musical comedy dealing with Mexico and will serve. The music is not so nice as one might expect from the authors of "Irene" but no music this season (with the exception of that in "Peggy-Ann") seems as nice as one might expect. The production (which includes the young ladies) is very beautiful.

For comedy we have Miss Ada May and the Messrs. Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, and when given anything at all approximating a funny line they do nobly by it. You can't expect much from lines like "It is simply magnolious!" but Messrs. Woolsey and Wheeler do contrive a very funny and sadistic slapping act just as the show is about to close.

The high spot of the evening is a Moonlight Ballet by the Albertina Rasch dancers, and this tribute comes from one to whom most ballets are so much poison. But this particular one seemed quite the loveliest we have ever seen.

A great deal of energetic soprano and tenor work is handled by Ethelind Terry and the upstanding J. Harold Murray, and the villainy by Vincent Serrano. The devilish motorcycle in the first act which brings the comedians on with a barrage of gas explosions is the work of the Indian Motorcycle Co. of Springfield, Mass., and we have already asked the courts for an injunction against them.



LIKE the amœba, Mr. Ziegfeld has divided into another entity and Mr. Gene Buck, formerly Poet-Laureate of the Ziegfeld court, has gone into business

for himself. "Yours Truly" is out of the same box as all Ziegfeld shows, even to the high green hedges, the long costumes on long, beautiful girls descending long, beautiful staircases, and Leon Errol. And it makes quite as good entertainment as the rest.

The music is, if anything, a little pleasanter than that in "Rio Rita" (if you liked a song a few years ago called "I Might Be Your Once-in-Awhile" you will like Mr. Hubbell's "Somebody Else") and the singing is done with much less gusto and effort. Miss Marion Harris, in particular, late of the two-a-day and Brunswick records, has a voice which effects a maximum heart-leverage with a minimum of work, and, if she would care to at all, she may come and sing to us for the rest of our life.

Mr. Errol is again Mr. Errol, which is a comfort. We often complain that our comedians never change their lines, but when they do we wish them back again. It is not for nothing that an act is built up through years of testing and elimination to a point where it becomes popular. When a comedian has such a treasure, he does well to hang onto it. And, although we were never one to scream at drunks on the stage, we think we like Mr. Errol best when he is his old unsteady self, catching his car on the corner of a building or tottering to what looks like instant death.

In this connection, Harry Kelly has decided to discard his parson's whiskers and powdered mouth and do his stuff straight. And all we could think of was the days when he used to present Lizzie, the fish-hound, in the best possible light as an entertainer, which, Heaven knows, was none too good.



WE dropped in on "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" prepared to take a brief look at the assembled stars, smile indulgently at the old play, see how inferior the present performance of *Gadd* was to that with which we scored a personal triumph in the Jamaica Plain Foot-light Club, and go on to the next theatre.

One by one we saw them come on, John Drew, Mrs. Whiffen, Wilton Lackaye, Helen Gahagan, Henrietta Crossman, Otto Kruger, Rollo Peters, Estelle Winwood, Pauline Lord, Effie Shannon, Lawrence D'Orsay, O. P. Heggie and enough others to use up countless kilowatts. For no good reason at all, all this was surprisingly thrilling.

And as the old Pinero story progressed to its inevitable conclusion, we still stood up back waiting to be bored enough to leave. Imagine our surprise, then, when John Drew buckled on Kean's sword, to find ourself crying softly.

Robert Benchley.



"HUH, CHARLIE! THEY'LL HAVE TO prove THAT TO US!"

"WELL, MISTER, GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION. AND I'LL TELL THE WORLD YOU'RE GOOD IF YOU CAN GET ALL THE DIRT OFF CHARLIE!"

Thoughts of a Girl Traveling

GOSH I wonder if I'm on the right train heavens what on earth did I do with my ticket I wonder if it's in my bag what if Johnny shouldn't meet me gosh what a fix I'd be in if we didn't meet I wonder if that man over there is trying to pick me up the impudent thing gosh I wish this skirt would stay down it is frightfully short when I cross my legs but what's the diff it's the style and my legs are rather good at that but I think he's got an awful nerve to keep staring that way heavens I forgot all about looking for that damned ticket if it's not in my bag what'll I do here comes the conductor I'll bet I'm on the wrong train anyways I simply know that man is trying to pick me up well he's rather nice-looking anyways gosh I wish this skirt would stay down...

Lloyd Mayer.

Malicious Mischief

THE inebriate in the revolving door was going round and round.

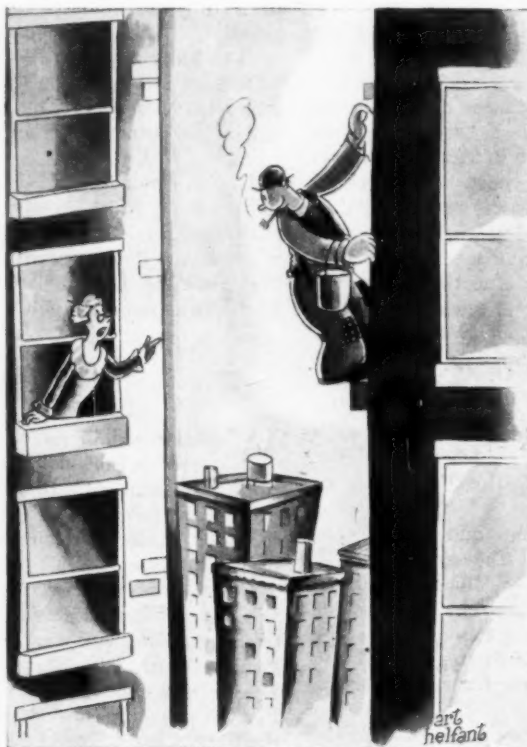
"Hey, you, whatsa matter?" called the doorman.

"Fellow ahead of me musta tore tha phone off tha wall!"

Superfluous

CLERK: We have some very nice oatmeal soap to-day.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: No, thanks. We never wash our oatmeal.



Nervous Lady (to window washer): OH, MISTER, HADN'T YOU BETTER WEAR A BELT?

Window Washer (politely): NO; SUSPENDERS DOES VERY NICELY, MA'AM.

There's Life in the Old Suit Yet!

I FIND bills from various tailors (I am always dunned; my trailers

Seem to fancy that my money grows on trees);

Also several little pencils, an assortment of utensils,

Such as openers and pocket knives and keys.

There's addresses roughly scribbled, and a chocolate bar half-nibbled,

That has thawed and left the pocket in a mess;

There is half a box of matches that are quite immune from scratches,

And a thousand other objects, more or less.

But the end of my inspection of this curious collection

Sends my head aloft in boundless realms sublime—

And my joy exceeds all measure—if I find a little treasure

Like a long-forgotten, slender silver dime.

Carroll Carroll.

Journalistic Portraits

Henry L. Mencken

HE is a fierce fellow who works feverishly at disliking the Methodists till three o'clock every morning, except Tuesdays and Fridays, when he dislikes the Baptists.

He commutes from Baltimore to edit the *Mercury*, a magazine found in the desk drawer of every good Rotarian.

He was joint editor of the *Smart Set* when it was smart.

He sees as many things to disturb him as Glenn Frank and writes about them in a vocabulary larger than Percy Hammond's.

He is the Dr. Frank Crane of the intelligentsia.

He is orthodox only on the subject of medicine, and on that he waxes Kiwanian.

He can take a drink or let it alone.

He is an editorial writer who has turned professional.

McC. H.



"HUM, YES! I'LL HAVE A NICE TENDER MINUTE STEAK, RARE AT ONE END, WELL DONE AT THE OTHER, NOT TOO THICK AND COOKED TO MAKE IT A RICH BROWN ON THE TOP AND PALE GRAY UNDERNEATH."

"YES, SIR!"

"STEAK!"

Why Buy a Saxophone?

POOR Melcia; it was dreadful the way her husband embarrassed her. It wasn't the things Winton said, or his actions, but rather the things he didn't say. How mortified she had been that evening at the Van Dorgheims' when Reggie had asked him his opinion of Gauguin's influence on modern painting, and Winton had to admit that he had never heard of the eccentric French artist. Then there was that dinner with the Brufftons, which had started and ended with a discussion of "The Procurator of Judea," and Winton had remained silent throughout the entire conversation.

Things had gone from bad to worse, and were still going. It was seldom now that they received an invitation to go among those people who really were somebody. Poor Melcia.

"Why don't you read more?" Melcia asked, in a pleading tone.

"But I haven't time; anyway, I don't like to read."

Melcia grew more discontented every day. Then, because Winton loved her, he decided to make an effort to win back her old friends. He bought a book,

and many nights that he should have spent planning another subdivision he devoted to diligent study.

It was only a few short months before the old crowd started coming around

again. First they came singly, then in couples, and before another month had passed they came in droves. They came before breakfast and after breakfast; before midnight and after midnight, and always they brought along a bottle of liquor; for Winton had studied chemistry and could analyze it for them.

Spencer A. Spencer.

From a Club Chair

I HAVE yet to see a woman walk out of a beauty parlor who didn't look as if she believed it.

* * *

It would be singularly appropriate if, when a university's School of Fine Arts starts teaching drama-turgy, the School of Commerce would arrange a course in ticket speculation.

* * *

The theatre, at the present time, is not holding a mirror up to life, but a keyhole.

* * *

I was certain from the first that we wouldn't have war with Mexico. That could never furnish enough dollar-a-year jobs to go round.

James Kevin McGuinness.



"JACK SEEMS VERY ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED."

"YES, HE PROPOSED TO ME, TOO."



No Reason To

Bettye: HAVE YOU BEEN READING ANYTHING LATELY?

Hettye: WHY, NO—I HAVEN'T BEEN SICK.

Life and Letters

THE contents of the package from the publishers didn't look very promising. First there was "Harangue," by Garet Garrett (Dutton), the jacket of which declared that a group of fiery young radicals meet in a little room in Jones Street, New York, and found the Freeman's League, which, functioning in the Middle West, unites the farmers, fights predatory interests, etc., and that this novel about them is one of the most daring economic experiments ever presented in American fiction, which is my idea of no place for *any* kind of economic experiment to be presented. The next offering I fished out was "Hula," by Armine von Tempski (Stokes), a romance of Hawaii in which an English engineer finds in a whisky and racehorse environment "the young daughter of the house, growing like an hibiscus flower, flaming, tropical, with her too-generous nature, her too-violent loves and hates..." Then there was "The Black Bloodhound," by Farnham Bishop (Little, Brown), the tale of a terrible pirate, not for one whose antipathy to sea-going fiction blinds her to its noblest purveyors. There was even "The Murders in Lovers' Lane," by James C. Tunton (Small, Maynard), the outstretched bodies under a crabapple tree identifying its contents on the jacket, and a cursory perusal convincing this slave to mystery stories that their authors should make them up out of their own heads. Suddenly, after several similar dis-

appointments, came the dawn. "Abe Martin's Hoss Sense and Nonsense," by Kin Hubbard (Bobbs-Merrill), was at the bottom of the heap.

Those who are not familiar with the wise-cracks which Abe Martin, radiating by syndicate from the Indianapolis *News*, makes every morning in various newspapers throughout the land can do no better than seize upon this installment of his annual compilations as an introduction. Here are some of the samples which I liked best:

"Mrs. Lafe Bud worries so much ever' night about her maid not showin' up th' next mornin' that her doctor has advised her t' do her own work till she gits t' feelin' stronger."

"It's just about got so th' only safe way t' reach th' other side o' th' street is t' cross with a cow."

"If a couple walks along like th' woman was arrested they're married."

"Occasionally a good housekeeper dies a natural death, but most of them fall off stepladders."

"Miss Mayme Moon wants t' know if Smedley Butler is liable t' show up at any party, or whether he has t' be invited."

(Cont. on page 36)

Sayings of Sophisticated Sara

I DON'T believe in long engagements, though in unusual cases they might last two weeks.

Once a girl is engaged she should always get married, though not necessarily to her fiancé.

Poverty is all right for the first years of married life, if you love the man and have money of your own.

Young couples should live with the husband's people the first year. After that there is comparatively no danger of his ever failing to support a home of his own.

Never marry a man before you've gone with him to enough musical shows to find out what he laughs at.

Out in the car it is better to insist on the man's driving. A man should be made to feel that he is in command, and especially if he isn't.

McC. H.

So Big

FIRST EXTRA: That leading man sure has the swelled head.

SECOND EXTRA: Swelled head? Listen, he'd have to pin back his ears to get through the Grand Canyon.



"I WONDER WHO STARTED THAT EXPRESSION, 'I HOPE TO TELL YOU'?"

"PROBABLY SOME HUSBAND."

Here's the way the picture was made and—



Here's the actual picture—made, as illustrated above with a Kodak and Kodak Portrait Attachment.



Close-ups with a Kodak

Close-ups with a Kodak give new zest to picture-making. Just slip a Kodak Portrait Attachment over the regular lens equipment—it's done as soon as said—and the subject is brought into sharp focus at close-up range, within arm's length if you like.



Kodak Portrait Attachment is just an extra lens. Price \$0.50 and \$0.75.

The result is big images—informal head-and-shoulder portraits fill the print; studies of flowers, of family heirlooms and other relatively small subjects register in satisfying size.

And informal portraiture is just something more added to

the day in and day out pleasure of picture-making the Kodak way—just another reason why you'll want to get your Kodak out and keep it busy.

Price of Kodak Portrait Attachment is \$0.50 and \$0.75 according to size.

Autographic Kodaks \$5 up. At your dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



Not So Optimistic

LAST week I announced, for this issue, reviews of Harold Lloyd's "The Kid Brother" and Buster Keaton's "The General." The paragraph containing this proclamation was headed "Optimistic Note"—and now, having seen both pictures, I'm compelled to concede that this was unduly hopeful.

Neither of them is up to the Lloyd or Keaton standard of humor. That doesn't mean, however, that I wouldn't rather see either of them again than ninety-eight one-hundredths of the films that fate and the nature of my job force me to view.

"The Kid Brother"

IN his latest product, Harold Lloyd returns to the character but not to the mood of "Grandma's Boy," his finest picture. He appears as a timid, unobtrusive lad who has to stay home and do the housework while the more stalwart members of his family have all the excitement and all the fun.

One day, in an emergency, a

sheriff's badge is pinned on his coat and, like the umbrella handle in "Grandma's Boy," it does something to him. He suddenly becomes a hero and bests two burly villains.

"The Kid Brother" has plenty of action, but not nearly so many loud laughs as one has a right to expect from Harold Lloyd. Most of the mirth, indeed, is limited to one scene wherein a monkey walks away with the picture.

"The General"

BUSTER KEATON shows signs of vaulting ambition in "The General"; he appears to be attempting to enter the "epic" class. That he fails to get across is due to the scantiness of his material as compared with the length of his film; he has also displayed woefully bad judgment in deciding just where and when to stop.

In the latter connection, some one should have told Buster that it is difficult to derive laughter from the sight of men being killed in battle. Many of his gags at the end of the picture are in such gruesomely bad

taste that the sympathetic spectator is inclined to look the other way.

"THE GENERAL" has some grand scenes. Two aged locomotives chase each other through the heart of the Civil War zone, and the ingenuity displayed by Buster Keaton in keeping these possibly tedious chases alive is little short of incredible.

In spite of its pretentious proportions, "The General" is not nearly so good as Raymond Griffith's Civil War comedy, "Hands Up."

Query

"WHAT," writes a Mr. Perkins, of Vermont, "are the current pictures of the widest appeal? 'The Big Parade' or 'What Price Glory' are liked best by men, and 'The Scarlet Letter' by women; but what are the pictures that hit everybody—young or old, male or female, high-brow or lowbrow?"

That's a hard one to answer. Off-hand, I should nominate "Beau Geste" and "The Fire Brigade."

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Paradise for Two. Richard Dix in a weak little comedy about another of those trick wills.

The Night of Love. Terribly complicated romantic drama involving dukes and gypsies, with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

The Potters. W. C. Fields is very funny.

The Music Master. Sugary and frail. **Blonde or Brunette.** Adolphe Menjou is thoroughly happy as the bone of contention between two beautiful women.

The Perfect Sap. The entertaining story of a young man who would be a detective.

Valencia. Even the song is no staler than the plot.

Nobody's Widow. Leatrice Joy, ably assisted by Charles Ray, in a light but delightful comedy.

The Winning of Barbara Worth. Old-fashioned Western stuff in a Tiffany setting.

Twinkletoes. Colleen Moore, with "rings for her fingers and tears for her crown," in one of those stories "of old Chinatown."

Hotel Imperial. A series of interesting but pointless photographic effects, with Pola Negri and a good cast.

Tell It to the Marines. Lon Chaney doesn't need elaborate make-up to be a fine actor, as his performance herein conclusively proves.

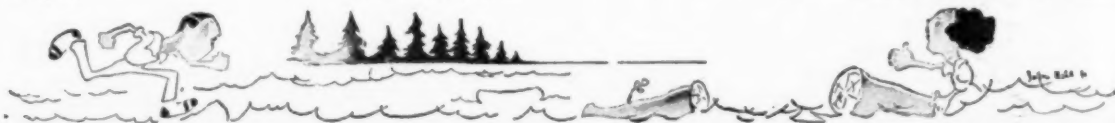
The Better 'Ole. Old Bill and other Bairnsfather characters effectively portrayed in a rowdy Syd Chaplin comedy.

Ben-Hur. It's been a great year for Christianity, what with "Ben-Hur," Bruce Barton and Cecil B. De Mille.

Flesh and the Devil. They say that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo have been married—and after their behavior in this film, it's just as well.

Don Juan. There's a new John Barrymore love-fest on the market. It's called "When a Man Loves" and will be reviewed next week.

What Price Glory, The Fire Brigade, The Scarlet Letter, Old Ironsides, The Big Parade and Beau Geste are all more than worthy of attention.

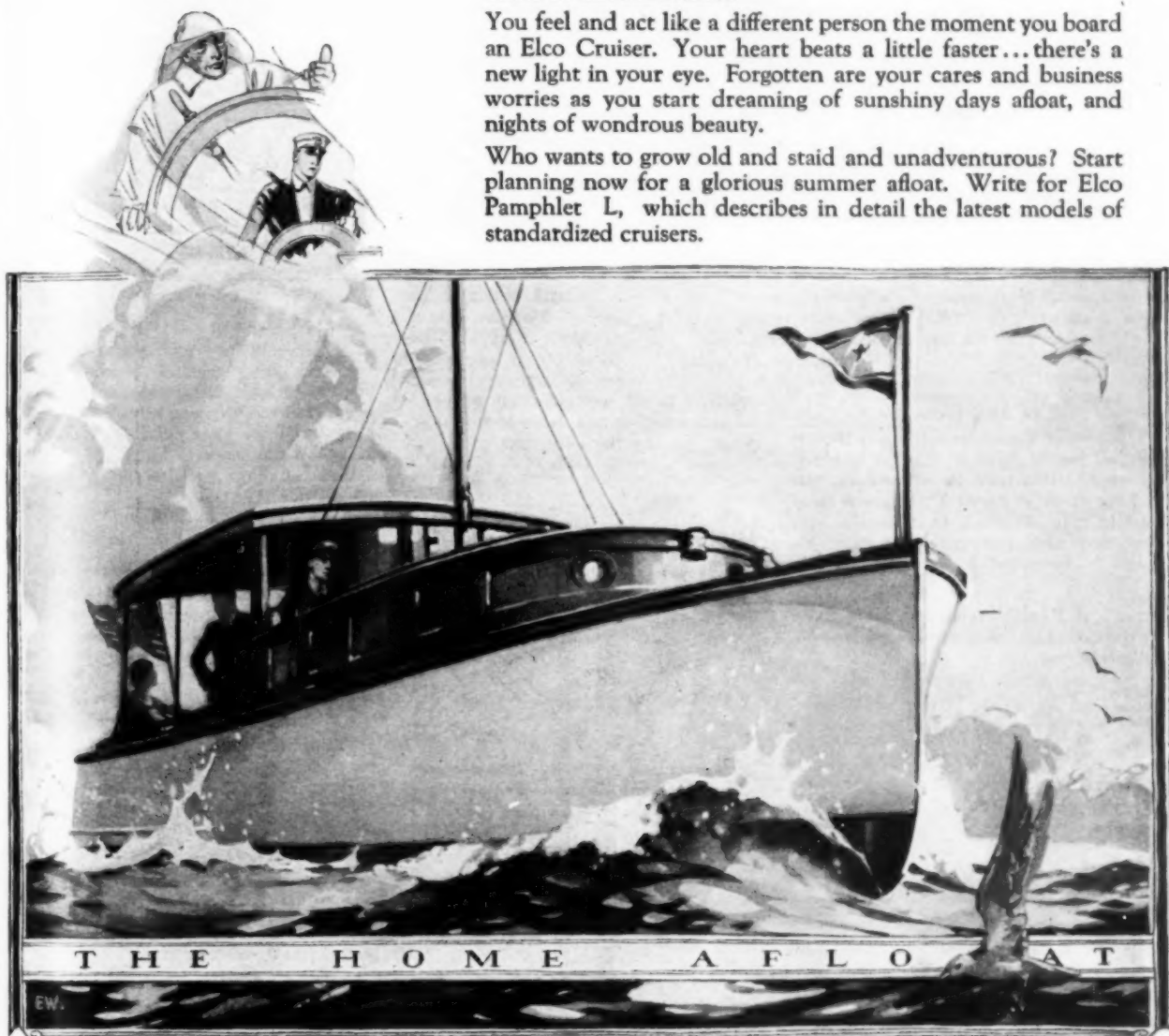


No wonder everyone is an old salt at heart!

YOU'LL like motor cruising right from the start...nearly everybody does. But you can't appreciate its thrills, or the pleasure it can bring, until you have seen *your* boat plough through blue-green waters and have felt on your cheek the caress of salt sea breezes.

You feel and act like a different person the moment you board an Elco Cruiser. Your heart beats a little faster...there's a new light in your eye. Forgotten are your cares and business worries as you start dreaming of sunshiny days afloat, and nights of wondrous beauty.

Who wants to grow old and staid and unadventurous? Start planning now for a glorious summer afloat. Write for Elco Pamphlet L, which describes in detail the latest models of standardized cruisers.



ELCO cruisers are built on a production basis—just as high grade motor cars are built—with a resultant saving in manufacturing costs. This insures you the greatest possible value for the money you spend.

Elco

STANDARDIZED CRUISERS

Built since 1892

Distributors at
Tampa, Miami, Los Angeles

THE ELCO WORKS
Address—Port Elco—247 Park Avenue, New York City
Sales Office and Permanent Motor Boat Exhibits

Plans and Yacht Basin
Bayonne, N. J.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Landlord (to Prospective Tenant): THERE, SIR, YOU COULDN'T HAVE A NICER LITTLE DUNGEON FOR YOUR CAPTIVES. ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT AIR, NICE AND DAMP, AND ALL FOR A CROWN A MONTH. OF COURSE, I SHALL HAVE TO CHARGE A LITTLE FOR THE EXCELLENT FIXTURES.

—Humorist (London).

Ups and Downs

BROADWAY Thespians playing in Boston are all heated up over a press dispatch printed in that town the other week. In telling of the death of a prominent man, it said, "He was at one time an office boy, but met with reverses and became an actor."—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

A Real Newspaper Beat

STRANGE phenomenon recorded by *This Week in Sarasota*:

"Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown (Miss Elizabeth Reaves) will be interested to learn that they have a son who was born in a New York hospital Monday afternoon."

—*American Mercury*.

WE'LL say this for the tabloids: They're making it difficult for anybody to burlesque them.—*New York World*.

THEATRICAL Maxim: He who laughs last is not an usher.—*Detroit News*.



STARTLING REVELATION OF ONE MEDIAEVAL WORKER WHO DID NOT PUT A LIFE-TIME INTO HIS JOB.

—*Yale Record*.

His Own Object Lesson

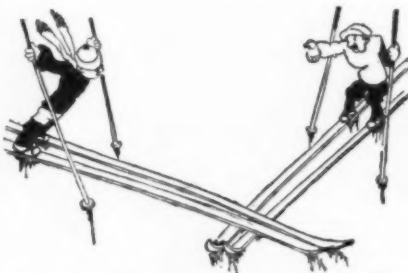
A WELL-KNOWN artist rolled into a London club bar obviously under the influence of drink. A friendly member took him in hand and told him he would have to pull himself together. The budding genius answered, "Yes, I am a darned fool. In fact, I am one of those chaps my father always warned me against."

—*Tatler (London)*.

A Dual Role

ANOTHER thing a girl can do that you'd think would be a physical impossibility if you didn't see it actually demonstrated is to act masculine and independent and feminine and dependent at practically one and the same time.

—*Ohio State Journal*.



"CLUMSY FOOL! LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH STEPPING ON MY FEET."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

That Was a Good Party

JOHNNY had been the guest of honor the day before at a party to which his little chum Tommy had not been invited. After hearing all about it Tommy said to Johnny:

"Have a good time, Johnny?"

"Did I?" answered Johnny. "Why, I'm not hungry yet!"—*Liberty*.

The Tender Leaves of Hope

"Young orient lady went travel Europ. wishes to meet a really gentleman very rich for promenade and to have enjoyment together with good relations. join photo please. Write WASTE to the *Sourire* wait a month for answer."—*Adv. in Le Sourire (Paris)*.

GIRLIE, the rich ones don't promenade; they Hispano-Suiza.—*New Yorker*.

"ARE they poisoning the liquor up your way?"

"Naw. They don't have to."

—*Lehigh Burr*.

A SCOTTISH biographical reference book is contemplated. There is some idea of calling it "Wha's Wha?"

—*Eve (London)*.



"OH, I BEG YOU, DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY; DO HAVE LUNCHEON WITHOUT ME!"

—*L'Intransigeant (Paris)*.

Moderate Enthusiasm

As the audience was departing from the Bach program which Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra gave at Carnegie Hall recently, an enthusiastic young miss asked her male escort, "Didn't you just love the concert?"

"Well, I didn't love it exactly," he replied, "but I respected it."

—*Musical Courier*.

Bright Sayings of Betty

LITTLE ELIZABETH (as silence becomes oppressive at her mother's reception): Mummy, why are all these people so dull? Why don't you tell them some of the funny things I say?

—*Boston Transcript*.

"THERE is one thing about having gone to college," said the capitalist as the nineteenth classmate that day was leaving. "I'll never have to buy my bonds from a stranger."—*Outlook*.

WE gather from a lady's fashion paper that girls will be wearing their legs longer this summer.—*Punch*.



Wife: BOTHER IT, I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN AGAIN TO-MORROW! THIS DRESS I SHOPLIFTED DOESN'T SUIT ME A SCRAP.

—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney)*.

What Do You Mean "Saved"?

"NOTICE"

"Will the person who saved \$50 in currency from the cash drawer during the fire which threatened the store Tuesday night return the same at once.—Moyer Hardware Store.

"THANKS"

"The services which were rendered by volunteers in the small blaze which threatened this store Tuesday night were deeply appreciated.—Moyer Hardware Store."

—Rantoul (Ill.) Press.

"AND that," said the old servant, "is tact."—New York Herald Tribune.

The Plain Truth

LADY (interviewing applicant): Why did you leave your last place?

MAID: Because master kissed me, mum.

LADY: And you didn't like it, eh?

MAID: Oh, I didn't mind it; it was the mistress who didn't like it.

—Boston Transcript.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Bravura

YOUNG WOMAN (in large musical-instrument shop): I want a tin-whistle.

SHOPKEEPER (with dignity): We do not stock cylindrical flageolets.—Punch.



Lady: 'AVE YER FOUND ANYTHINK, MATE? I'M LOOKIN' FER A NOVELTY FER A FRIEND.

—George Belcher, in The Tatler (London).

More Spite Work

"It seems to me," remarked the small boy who had been thoughtfully reading the paper, "that it must be dangerous to marry women. I get the idea that in the first place they marry you for your money; if they don't manage to take all of it they leave you and sue you for alimony; and if they fail at that, then they outlive you to get your life insurance."

—Detroit News.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Suggested Joke for the Harvard Lampoon

FIRST COLLEGE BOY: Were you kicked by a horse?

SECOND COLLEGE BOY NAMED HUBBARD: No, I am a Harvard man who played football against Princeton.

—Chicago Evening Post.

"GEORGE," said the engaged girl, "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes?" George murmured.

"Tell me, if you had never met me would you have loved me just the same?"

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.

At this time we wish to call especial attention to our Custom Department

The complete assortment of Materials for Spring and Summer Clothing is now in Stock

Ready made Clothing
Furnishings, Hats, Shoes, Leather Goods
for Men & Boys

Send for BROOKS's Miscellany

While we have no seasonal "sales", there are always in our stock articles reduced from 10 to 30 per cent., or more. This presents an opportunity to buy good merchandise at less than market prices

BOSTON LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON
PALM BEACH PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD
NEWPORT AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



AN EASTER PORTRAIT
BY

Bachrach

A MOST APPRECIATED GIFT BECAUSE OF
ITS SENTIMENT, BEAUTY AND LONG LIFE
ARRANGE FOR YOUR SITTING TODAY



Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINCTION
507 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



"Ready— CAMERA" And You are right there watching



Well known in Hollywood—
ROMANCE SELECTIONS and
Miss LAURA LAPLANTE
Universal star



THAT need not be an idle dream. Next summer, when the director calls "READY CAMERA," in HOLLYWOOD, there are going to be guests of the makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES there, watching it all in chairs reserved for them. They will meet and chat with the stars personally. For one glorious week they will be a part of the life of HOLLYWOOD. The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST gives you that opportunity. Take advantage of it.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



ROMANCE SELECTIONS at \$1.00 makes friends wherever it goes, for its wide assortment pleases everyone. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," packed in each box, may help you in the contest.



ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

watermelon rind with my breakfast grits as in the days of my youth, when persons beholding me would prophesy that I should rue such indiscretion, but Lord! I had liefer have enjoyed it once and resign it than never have enjoyed it at all. Not that watermelon rind in itself is much of a memory.... However, come what may in the matter of invalidism, I hope that I do never develop into one of those women who are always feeling a draught and wanting the temperature of any room they enter altered. To a large luncheon this noon, whereat the talk did once drift to the symptoms of somebody's defective child, but I did contribute nought to that conversation, recognizing amongst its subject's vagaries so many predilections identical with my own, in especial a fondness for pickles and an indifference to the hour for eating them, and it would not surprise me if the poor little wretch, if kept away from the psychoanalysts, grew up to confound her critics. We did discourse, too, on the synonymy of adolescence and sartorial idiosyncrasy, and I do well recall how I once contemplated suicide because my mother would not let me wear the shirtwaist and skirt costume so popular with many of my contemporaries, and I do also remember that my first taffeta petticoat convinced me that Heaven had been reached at a single bound. Home betimes, and finding our Katie in the doldrums, largely, I fancied, because of the groundhog's having seen his shadow, I did send her forth at once for fresh air and diversion, so Sam and I later to dinner at an inn, whereat I was impressed with the reflection that there seems to be an unwritten law that a table d'hôte, however costly, shall serve but five oysters for its opening course.

Baird Leonard.



"ONE, TWO, THREE... ONLY TWENTY PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE! WE'D BETTER CALL OFF THE PERFORMANCE."
"IMPOSSIBLE, LADDIE—THEY ALL HAVE FREE SEATS."

—Excelsior (Mexico City).

Septic

(A New Jersey health officer declares that lipsticked lips are germ gatherers.)

THERE are things, my son, you must duly shun

If you wish to retain your health;
The raisin jack that the 'leggers pack,
Who barter you death for wealth;
And when you're chilly, the flu bacilli
May cause you an early fall—
But skip the sip from the lipsticked lip,
For that is the worst of all!

For the Cupid's Bow will work you woe
If once you are aimed at by it—
A carmine pencil's a bum utensil
To use for your daily diet.

For the septic nip of the lipsticked lip
Is a sign for the germs to frolic—
It will give you the grip, it will give you
the pip,
It will give you the painters' colic.

You have cut your hair, my lady fair,
In a hygienic style;
And I'd feel no harm in your circling
arm,

But I fear your toothsome smile.
The dart that lies in your sparkling
eyes

May wound, but it will not kill—
But the thought of a dip to your lip-
sticked lip

Will right away make me ill!

—Ted Robinson, in
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Recipe

For a safe and quickly written editorial on the Nicaraguan situation: First take one assumption that we are a large, blonde, good-humored, indulgent race, with a benevolent eye out on the Western hemisphere in general and for Central America in particular. Now, in a whimsical vein, mix with this the idea that all Central Americans are short, swarthy, black-eyed and volatile-tempered folk who would prefer to sit in the sun and smoke if it were not for the manifold economic advantages offered them by the United Fruit Company. Stir this mixture well, add a few bright cracks to the effect that statesmen south of the Rio Grande wear no shoes and carry rifles, and serve hot with a playful admonition to Latin America in general that while Uncle Sammie is patient there is such a thing as going too far. The advantages of this editorial recipe are manifold; any one can understand it, it is safely non-controversial, and Republican, and above all, O brethren of the guild, it is so absurdly easy to write and is frequently written in these smug, self-satisfied days. Try it on your linotype.

—Emporia Gazette.

Opportunity Knocks

STRANGER: I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and—

JONES: Hey, Mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our car!

—Motor Life

It took Mr. Dreiser ten years to write his latest novel. He must have read it as he went along.—Detroit News.

CHOOSE A CANADIAN NATIONAL VACATION THIS YEAR

Sail through sheltered scenic seas

to **ALASKA**

Land of Northern Lights,
Colossal Glaciers, Flower-
decked Fjords, Totem Poles,
Romance, Mystery - - -



\$90

FOR an absolutely different vacation come to Alaska. Visit this land of strange and fascinating beauty—of unrivalled scenic grandeur—of romance and of gold.

Cruise through sheltered seas, sentinelled by majestic mountains and glittering glaciers, past primitive Indian villages with towering totem poles. Wind through the Narrows and beautiful Lynn Canal. Visit en route, Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway.

From Skagway go by rail to the Yukon—every mile of this historic trail has its story of romance and tragedy. Every minute of this glorious trip has its thrill.

Fare only \$90 including meals and berth from Vancouver to Skagway and return—a ten day trip on palatial Canadian National steamers—all outside rooms.

For detailed information on Canadian National Alaska Tours fill in the coupon and mail to our nearest office, or call for the booklet listed.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

Boston 333 Washington St.	Detroit 1259 Griswold St.	Portland, Ore. 123 Third St.
Buffalo 11 So. Division St.	Duluth 430 W. Superior St.	St. Louis 408 Olive St.
Chicago 108 W. Adams St.	Kansas City 708 Grand Ave.	St. Paul 83 East Fifth St.
Cincinnati 432 Walnut St.	Los Angeles 607 So. G. and Ave.	San Francisco 689 Market St.
Cleveland 885 Euclid Ave.	Minneapolis 513 Second Ave. So.	Seattle 1329 Fourth Ave.
	New York 605 Fifth Ave.	
	Philadelphia 1500 Chestnut St.	
	Pittsburgh 355 Fifth Ave.	
	Portland, Me. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.	

CANADIAN NATIONAL operates over 22,000 miles of track, a chain of hotels, fleets of coastal and ocean steamers and Nation-wide Express and Telegraph service—the largest railway system in America.

Please send me your free Alaska Booklet.


Name.....
(If student, state grade)

Street.....

City.....State.....



W-3



The Reason

Marlboros are so popular with those who smoke often is

Because

The Smoke is MILD AS MAY

Marlboro Bridge Score mailed free upon request.

MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD Inc.
44 West 18th St., Dept. A10, New York

English as She Is Sung

DURING the recent congress of English-speaking Orientals in Japan new variants of several popular songs were evolved in the course of the celebrations. Since the visitors all spoke the English language, they felt that they ought to be in the musical traditions that native and American-born speakers of the language perpetuate. That delightful old Northumbrian folk-song, 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More,' was therefore chanted in this strange shape:

"Engonnarennomo, no mo,
Engonnarennomo.
Hauna herru oda hoks terru
Engonnarennomo?"

The next on the programme was 'O Brack Joe,' as they called him. This number opened with the words, 'Gau narra des wen maalt wayunga ge.' After this came a livelier 'Yes, sir, that's my baby,' which is worth reprinting in its complete form. We trust our readers know the usual words:

"Yassair atsmal bebi
Nossair domin mebi
Yassair shismai bebi nau
En baiwe—
Yassair atsmal bebi
Nossair domin mebi
Shismai bebi nau—"

—Living Age.

A Hopeless Case

AN absolute beginner was toiling round the links wondering if the game was really worth while and vowing, to his grizzled Scottish caddie, that this would be his last round.

"And what should I take now?" he asked a moment later, finding his ball in a terrible lie.

"Well, mon," replied the caddie, "you have three alternatives. For a start, you might take me and get me something to drink; secondly, you might take a' your clubs home and give up golf; and thirdly, you might try throwin' the ba'!"

—Gold Illustrated (London).

He Held No Grievance

A TEACHER was endeavoring to instill some sense of civic responsibility into a class of small boys. He chose Nero as a horrible example of a tyrant, and described the cruelties he inflicted on his subjects.

"What do you think should be done to a man who so betrays the trust placed in him by the people?" the teacher asked one boy.

"Did he do me anything?" the youngster countered.

—New York Evening Post.

Notice to Visitors

IN the local museum there is a bust of a famous Scotchman. Rightly enough, below his noble Caledonian features is a sign which reads, "Don't touch."—Wisconsin Octopus.

ORATOR: And what do we do? We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves but sackcloth and ashes in our empty hands.—Bulletin (Sydney).

Nobody
can take his place
in life



Your Dentist Knows The Preventive Measures That Halt The Advance Of Health-Destroying Agents

The mouth is the source of many troubles, among them being Pyorrhea—a foe that penalizes 4 out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Discourage This Enemy

Play safe! Have your dentist give your teeth and gums a thorough examination at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums today.

This dentifrice is more than a tooth paste. It is health insurance that provides protection against grim Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. Forhan's firms the gums. It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

See your dentist, often. And start using Forhan's regularly. Teach your children this health-habit. They'll love the taste of Forhan's. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

**Before you go
to EUROPE—**



Write for free useful information about Escorted and Independent Tours, Private Automobile tours, Steamship reservations, Cruises, Aeroplane and Railway Tickets.

Special Mediterranean Tour, Sailing April 6th. 80 days of pleasure for \$1595. Over 50 years of travel experience and 35 European offices.

Free, helpful booklets on request.

DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Great Alibi Contest

(Continued from page 11)

H. P. HAILE, *Hanover, N. H.*;
ALLAN KEEFER, *Ottawa, Canada*;
ELMER H. MAYER, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*;
MOLLIE E. PRIEST, *Dorchester, Mass.*

Conditions of the Contest

Read these carefully:

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER ELEVEN.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it was this way...” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER ELEVEN should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER ELEVEN must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on March 10, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of March 31, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

The Story of His Life

THE other day Small Sister came home from school proudly flourishing a paper. “It's a composition about Socrates,” she said, handing it to mother with a grand air. “Teacher told us about him and then we wrote it. You can read it if you want to.”

And mother read: “Socrates was a great man. He was sort of a tramp. He told everybody what to do and they gave him poison.”—*New York Sun.*



“There y’are, Cap, the gas line’s clear now and you ought to finish your trip without any more trouble—unless you have a blowout.”

“I’m not worrying about blowouts, with Kelly-Springfields on all around.”



A new light will dawn on your shaving problem when you strop a NEW blade

Most men think that a new blade right out of the wrapper will give the finest safety razor shave possible. It doesn't.

To give the best results, a safety razor blade, like the blade of an old-fashioned razor needs stropping before you first use it—and regularly thereafter.

Here's what Mr. Megrund says:

"When I used the Twinplex stropped blade you sent me, I at once noticed it had a keener edge than any new blade I had used and decided to get a Twinplex although I was skeptical as to whether I, myself, could put such an edge on a blade. But now that I have tried it and find that I can strop my own blades and really improve a new one, I'll say I would not sell it for any price if I could not get another, as it is the best aid to smooth shaving I ever had."

(Signed)

H. C. Megrund, Shelly, Minn.

Why not send for a blade as Mr. Megrund did and see for yourself?

Stropped NEW Blade Free

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a NEW blade stropped on a Twinplex. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

All dealers are authorized to sell you a Twinplex on 30 days trial. If after four weeks of marvelous shaving you are willing to forego the comfort and economy you have enjoyed, give up your Twinplex and get back your money. If you can't find the model you want, write us.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1751 Locust Street, Saint Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex

Stroppers

Futility

WE strolled beneath the orchard boughs,
Through meadow grasses lush and deep;
And there were cows and cows and cows,
And likewise sheep and sheep and sheep.

He sighed, "This world's a fleeting show;
Our empty lives have no excuse;
We strive and toil; we come and go;
And where's the good and what's the use!"

And still beside the purling stream,
In care of doughty ram and bull,
The cows went right on brewing cream,
The sheep went right on sprouting wool.

I groaned, "I know the way you feel;
We just drag on till something stops;
And still the calves keep making veal,
And still the lambs keep growing chops.

"We're tossed about like bits of cork,
Or ocean weed, or empty kegs;
And still the pigs keep adding pork,
And still the hens keep laying eggs.

"And still the bears keep raising fur,
And still the bees keep working too.
I don't know why these things occur,
And yet I'm sometimes glad they do."

—Arthur Guiterman,
in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Guest

ONE of the several good cymbal players in New York is Hans Goettich, of the New York Symphony. The other evening a lady found her way backstage to do a little private beaming on the musicians toward whose support she contributes. She picked out Hans to talk to, obviously seeing in him a possible soloist for a party she was planning.

"I enjoyed your playing so much," she said. "Do come to the house next Tuesday evening for a little supper and bring your instrument with you. Evening dress, you know."

When you ask Hans about this party you learn that he went. "Oh, yes," he says, "I went to the lady's zooper. Und I took mein zymbals with me."

—New Yorker.

In the Day's News

A CHICAGO man whipped and dispersed two bandits who attempted to hold him up. The policeman who finally came to his aid complimented him on the fight he put up and asked the amount of the roll he was fighting so hard to protect. The man had a quarter. And if that doesn't remind you of the story about the Scotchman, then you have missed a very old and very good story.

—Kansas City Star.

Not for Exit

STOUT THEATRICAL PERSON (engaging room): Window's a bit small. Wouldn't be much use to me in an emergency!

LANDLADY: There ain't goin' to be any sich emergency! My terms fer actors is weekly in advance!—*London Opinion*.

California —by Sea 15 DAYS

SEE Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Largest, fastest ships in the service. Fortnightly sailings.

MANCHURIA
MONGOLIA FINLAND
Each over 22,000 tons displacement

Moderate rates. Special arrangements for Round Trips—one way water, one way rail, or both ways water.

Ask about special conducted tours "Across and Around America." Westward in early July.

S.S. California,
ready for service this Fall.
Largest American-built liner



PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
No. 1-L Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere or steamship and railroad agents.

HARRIS TWEED

Cream of Scotch Homespuns, direct from makers suit-lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Samples free on stating shades desired. NEWALL, 277 Stornoway, Scotland.

FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF ARE THE DANGER SIGNALS THAT WARN OF BALDNESS



WHY NOT CONSULT SPECIALIST
CARMENE LECILE at the
ROMAN TEMPLE OF ETERNAL YOUTH
43 West 49th Street, Circle 3632
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE?
ALSO FACE PEELING FOR MEN WITHOUT PLASTIC SURGERY OR CAUSING CLIENT TO REMAIN INDOORS DURING TREATMENT
SEND FOR BOOKLET C
(Sent in Plain Sealed Envelope)

SELF INFLATING LIFE BELT, pocket size.

Wonder of the age.
Miniature hollow-ribbed lifeboat distensible around body instantly. Sustains wearer in deep, rough water. Most practical safeguard for sea travelers and non-swimmers. Boon to aquatic sports. Get free illustrated booklet. Self Acting Life Belt Co. 55 E. 8th St., New York

GRAND SUMMER CRUISE JULY 2 NORWAY - WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Specially chartered new 17,000 ton Cunarder "Lancasteria," 62 days, \$600 to \$1,500, including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Fascinating itinerary including Spain, North Africa, Italy, Riviera, Scandinavia, Scotland, Germany.

World Cruise, Jan. 18: Mediterranean Cruise, Jan. 25.
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., New York
Originator of World Cruises—Est. 32 Years

BOW LEGS?
OUR GARTER (Pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out. Best Adjustable.
Free Booklet—Free Sewing Machine
The T. GARTER CO. Dept. 2, New London, New Hampshire

A Simple Problem

"SUPPOSE," said the advertisement, "that you are invited to a formal dinner by some new friends. You are eager to appear at ease, well poised, at home in society. Could you make an intelligent answer if the dinner companion whom you had just met said:

"*Entre nous*. I have been looking forward to meeting you *vis-à-vis* for a long time, for I hear that you are always au courant with the latest books."

This seems to me a very simple problem in conduct. The young man so addressed could very well feint with his left to get her guard down and then swing a crashing right to the jaw. He could say "Buckwheats!" or any equivalent, or tell her the one about the electrician who exclaimed, "What! On my own time!"

Or, of course, he could fold her in his arms and say, "Little girl, I didn't know you cared."

Still another excellent device might be for him to answer, "No spicka de English."

Or there is the possibility of shifting the attack and capturing the offensive for yourself. You might get up and play the piano faultlessly, or ask, "Who was it said 'Half a league, half a league, half a league onward?' and, after they had all racked their brains, give them your findings out of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap-book.

Myself, I would merely reply with a knowing leer, "*Cherchez la femme*," and let it go at that.

—Heywood Brown, in *New York World*.

Visibility

JUNIOR had been given his first pair of trousers, also an overcoat. Needless to say, he was very proud. The other day his father took him out and noticed that he insisted on keeping his overcoat opened.

"Keep your coat buttoned, son, like daddy."

"But, daddy," he replied, "everybody can see you've got on pants!"

—*Charleston News and Courier*.



She: WHAT DISGUISE SHALL I WEAR FOR THE FANCY DRESS BALL? CAN'T YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA?

He: WHY NOT GO AS A WOMAN?

—*Le Journal (Paris)*.



Accept 10 Days' Proof

Let us prove that the claims millions of men make for this unique shaving cream are justified

GENTLEMEN:

Pullman car arguments never have yet proved a point.

That's why we make no claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream other than the fact that millions of men, once wedded to rival preparations, have shifted to this new creation.

Hence—that it is worth a trial. So we send 10-day tubes for that purpose. Will you accept one as a courtesy to us?

60 years of soap study stand behind Palmolive Shaving Cream. 130 formulas were developed and discarded before we found the right one. All our experience as the makers of

Palmolive Soap, the world's leading toilet soap, is embodied in this creation.

5 new factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



10 SHAVES FREE

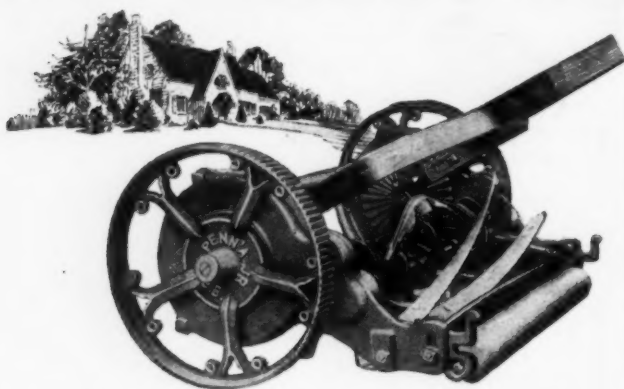
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1275, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.



When you do want a *good* lawn mower that will really last, ask for it by name -- any Pennsylvania Quality brand -- and be sure of it by seeing the Staytite Handle ~ ~

Write for interesting booklet
"How to Have a Fine Lawn"

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS
1625 N. 23rd Street Philadelphia, Pa.

The New STAYTITE HANDLE


PENNSYLVANIA
Quality
LAWN MOWERS



The Insult

A WELL-MEANING FRIEND SENDS A PAIR OF COTTON-TAILS TO THE "ALL-WOOL KING."

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 24)

"JILL," by E. M. Delafield (Harper), one of my favorite yarn-spinners, is by no means another "The Constant Nymph," but its heroine has qualities very much akin to those of Miss Kennedy's now celebrated character, and that rare blend of ingenuousness and sophistication which, when a loyal heart beats beneath it, gives its possessor an inestimable charm. *Jill*, moreover, is a thoroughly plausible being, even down to that awful moment when *Cathie Galbraith* is obliged to suggest that it is a good idea for young girls to send their slips to the laundry at fairly regular intervals.

The story is one of post-war London, and *Jack* and *Doreen Galbraith* are, to date, the outstanding fictional representatives of the type that is supposed to have got that way because of what the international struggle did to its morale. Submerged in debt, on the *qui vive* for free meals, not knowing where the next headwaiter's tip is coming from, yet always smartly and faultlessly gowned and avid for revelry and excitement. It is into the whirlpool of their night life that *Jill*, the child of a *demi-mondaine*, is first thrust because of the financial lift brought by the monthly fee which her mother's current protector will pay for her diversion and chaperonage. After the breach caused by *Doreen's* inevitable jealous flare-up, *Jill* naïvely flies for sanctuary to the respectable *Oliver Galbraiths*, and it is in the serenity and safety of their home that her personality unfolds so delightfully. *Oliver* and *Cathie* are as good characterizations as *Jack* and *Doreen*—more difficult ones, too, because they are subtler. I fell for *Oliver* at once when I learned that he shared a pet conviction of my own, namely, that "low curiosity is in reality a blessing to its possessors." An unpretentious and readable book, this, and herewith highly commended.

UNCLE JOE CANNON once said that if he wanted to settle most effectively with an enemy, he would get him a departmental job in Washington at \$1,800 a year. That his idea of vengeance was sound is evidenced in "The Painted City," by Mary Badger Wilson (Stokes), a group of stories built around the young people who come full of high hope to the capital from small towns and learn only too soon the deadliness of routine existence and the futility of its outlook. After reading them, you will be more contented with your lot as a policeman, a sales manager, or even as a book reviewer.

Baird Leonard.

The Barber Goes Crazy

"YES, sir, now if I was Coolidge I'd tell the Senate clippers only on the back not on the sides because Italy's gonna declare war on Bulgaria and there's a classy little blonde comes in here regular to get her hair trimmed because a fellow like me working for a salary can't hardly get by any more you ought to have our special hot kerosene face massage so when she told her husband never came home before midnight do you want a little more off the top genuine old pre-war stuff just call Spring 7639 and ask for Nick I'd let Germany settle for about a hundred billion in cash then let her borrow some money from Russia and your scalp is in terrible condition you better have an egg shampoo didja ever hear the joke about the two coons who went ice skating and got Hawaii with a one-tube set my wife's uncle made Babe Ruth ain't near the player a fellow is I used to know who played center field for Moline Illinois you better lemme fix that scalp or you'll get bald."

Robert Lord.

7
r
s
-
s
-
o
o
d
d
l
t
d
r
s
y
o
a
t
t
e.
s
e
y
-
s
e
d
t
h

d
d
a
d
n
g
n
f
r
t
k

e
e
a
ir
y
ir
er
at
st
y
er
n
a
ce
s
I
is